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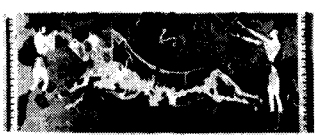

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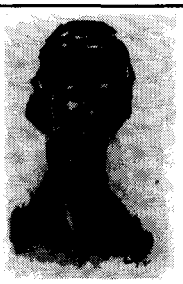

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Operation Bootstrap

★ The spread of communism into underdeveloped countries might be of economic advantage to the United States.

Who says this? Only as affluent and respectable a financial service as *Value Line* could afford to tell its $150-a-year clients anything as startling. In a recent copyrighted analysis it offers this calm argument.

The only way to lift an economy in a country is to acquire capital. The simplest way to acquire capital is to hire it from a rich country. But that hurts national pride, and poor countries nearly all detest US capitalists as "exploiters" and "parasites" when they buy up properties and invest money.

The other way to raise capital is to sweat it out of the backs of the poverty-ridden citizens. This doesn't make economic sense but it is fine politics. Communist Russia did this, Red China is doing it and so is Cuba. Conceivably a fascist dictatorship could get away with it, too. But to succeed there must be iron discipline at the top, an impassioned puritanism in the masses, and somebody abroad to hate. Then the poor patriotic citizens sacrifice themselves in Operation Bootstrap.

Well, observes this valuable New York financial service coolly, so what? If the poor countries want it that way why not let them? To paraphrase the idea (with a bow to *Value Line*) it will take the underdeveloped nations longer to work out poverty, perhaps, but isn't that their business? If their effort collapses they can't blame us. On the other hand if it succeeds, as it has in Russia (where capitalist countries – always excepting the purist USA – eagerly carry on profitable trade), then the natives become affluent and less ideological. Give a communist his home and the hopes of a car and Marx recedes a bit.

The fear of going bourgeois agonizes Mao in Red China now. The Russians have come a long way in this direction in 50 years. Why is it so terrifying to think of underdeveloped countries following the same path, quietly asks this leading Wall Street investment service?

There were three participants at Glassboro: Messrs. Johnson, Kosygin, and the crowd. We thought the crowd did wonderfully. They cheered "Alley" every chance they got. He responded graciously. Don't tell us this doesn't mean anything. It is easy to be cynical in the aftermath as the false euphoria fades away. Superficially nothing is changed. The old Moscow hard line is back again. But a shrewd and sensible Russian leader has had his first glimpse of America's quiet might, and he has seen a warm, friendly crowd crying for peace. That language needs no translator.

Meanwhile, Secretary McNamara is in Vietnam, presumably discussing with General Westmoreland a request for 100,000 more troops. We have a feeling Glassboro makes it harder for President Johnson to go along with the escalation of the war.

Vicious

★ Before taking its 10-day holiday the House suddenly postponed decision on the redistricting bill. This is a vicious measure to undercut one-man, one-vote reapportionment. The House shows every sign of being nervous about it, and it should be. You have a few days to make them more nervous by writing a letter to your congressman.

The art of politics is to gerrymander congressional districts so that your party gets a lot of little districts, and your opponents get a few big ones. Obviously this inequality deprives some citizens of equal representation and the courts say it is unconstitutional. They have set down fair standards.

The House proposed to extend the system, however, by offering an outrageous bill to legalize a 30 percent population variance between the size of congressional districts. The Senate balked at the plan; following the lead of Teddy Kennedy of Massachusetts it surprisingly reduced the permissible variance to 10 percent. In the House-Senate conference, conservatives got around this rebuff by proposing an escape hatch. They would relieve states of any obligation to redistrict at all for the next two elections, until after the 1970 census.

They hoped to ram this through the House in a few hours. The scheme backfired. Some members thought the plan unconstitutional and some wondered what constituents would think. So the majority postponed action till after the holiday. It is a fluid situation in which your letters to a congressman would have maximum effect.

Corporate Monster

★ Meanwhile, here are some of the things we note around Washington. Senator Williams (R, Del.) has listed some of the farms that get government subsidy payments. Five of them in 1966 got over $1 million each. City people have a guilt complex about farms. They remember *Snowbound* and *Old Oaken Bucket*, and feel they are not as good as their ancestors in their simple bucolic purity. So they say, "Help the poor farmer." The farmer under the subsidy program, however, may be a corporate monster, a factory in the fields. Griffin, Inc. of Fresno County, Calif., for example, got $2,397,073 federal subsidies last year, excluding price-support loans.

Then we have J. Edgar Hoover. The President's Crime Commission has been proposing some sensible remedies. FBI director Hoover denounces "the shallow pronouncements" of "impractical theorists" and their "so-called solutions." He mentions no names.

We get awfully worried about Ronald Reagan. Goldwater Republicans are boosting him, and he proposes mining Haiphong, and bypassing the UN. It sounds like Dr. Milford Rouse, new head of the American Medical Association, who has been active in H. L. Hunt's Life Line Foundation. In his inaugural address he said doctors must oppose the concept that health care is "a right rather than a privilege." What cave did *he* wander out of?

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Middleman Percy

If the people are in a mood to take "anybody but Johnson" next year, anybody will do as his opponent. But the Republicans would be playing a very long shot were they to take it for granted that frustrations over Vietnam, grumblings on the farm, or plain distrust of Lyndon Johnson will put them back in the White House, regardless. Somebody would have a better chance than anybody. But none of the somebodys so far has caught the popular fancy. Romney the Rambler is slipping, Rockefeller the Divorced has other problems, Nixon is a has-been. But what of Senator Charles Percy of Illinois?

Before the 1920 elections, a *New Republic* writer went to Marion, Ohio, to see the then Republican candidate, Warren G. Harding, and to hear it said that Senator Harding would "restore the country from the decay of Democratic rule, bring down prices, harmonize capital and labor, safeguard American honor and fan the sacred fire of the Fathers." To each generous tribute, Charles Merz reported, "the Senator bows, not in false modesty, but as a man conscious of his worth and humbled by it." Candidate Harding was noncommittal, and prudently so. For there was then and now is, as John Lindsay puts it, a "battle for the heart of the GOP." Mr. Merz took note of that battle in 1920: "For a Party that may fly apart whenever it attempts to reach agreement on a definite issue," he wrote, "self-preservation advises postponement of the possible catastrophe." Charles Percy understands that.

The "facts" about Percy reveal no more than would a press agent's handout on, say, Richard Burton: Forty-seven, handsome, a family man, a self-made millionaire at 40, healthy (five hours' sleep a night) and charitable (he's sorry that Paul Douglas isn't still in the Senate). He has lost one election (the governorship in '64) and won one (the Senate seat in '66). He has the right connections: his daughter married a Rockefeller and his father was once on relief. He's a hard-driving executive and a bug on international (including East-West) trade. He is a moderate who supported Barry Goldwater in 1964, moderately. He was against open occupancy laws in Illinois; he thought the real estate people could be brought around to a more benevolent, higher view. Later, he moderated his objection to open occupancy laws, favoring them as long as they did not apply to owners of buildings with five or fewer dwelling units. In 1964 he opposed the Supreme Court's demand that legislatures be reapportioned on the basis of "one-man, one-vote"; he changed his mind two years later, giving

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rise to Paul Douglas' remark that Percy raised vacillation to the level of moral principle. He has been traveling around the country doing a lot of speaking in the past few months, and not long ago was asked at a luncheon of downstate newspaper editors in Illinois – mostly Republicans – what he thought of Dwight Eisenhower, to which he replied that "for the time in which he served, General Eisenhower was a very great man." Then came the familiar "but." "But Dwight Eisenhower didn't get my daughter to go to Africa. John Kennedy did that." You couldn't ask for anything fairer.

Since coming to Washington, Percy has given birth to a new housing bill which accents private ownership, but provides for government-guaranteed loans. He was a C student at the University of Chicago, but he has a Chicago professor or two among his advisers.

We called on the Senator not long ago, to learn more about the man, especially his views on Vietnam. It was puzzling. He does not back off, but rather hovers over questions, from which height he can see all sides. On Vietnam, he places himself "somewhere between President Johnson and Senator Kennedy," a position difficult to fix with precision. He is still partial to an all-Asian peace conference – including communist China – at which the United States would sit as an observer, its interests protected by such participants as Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand. But he grants that this might not pan out; and anyway, he believes Washington need not be bound by the conference's decisions. He doesn't accept any simple domino theory for Asia; nevertheless he sees that "there is a certain amount of credibility to the fact that any show of firmness and determination and resoluteness will cause other moderate governments, who are inclined to believe the best interests of their country are to go along with our policies, would cause them to stay with us." He approves of "bombing now"; we can only stop it if we "see that we can get something back in return for that action, and a deescalation of the effort on both sides would be a practical basis then for negotiating the cessation of bombing." On the other hand, he recognizes that the raids on Haiphong and Hanoi "have done very little. They have not certainly weakened the will of the enemy to resist. They have, I think, intensified the will to resist. They provided a common enemy in the sky that can be visibly seen. They have given some credence perhaps to Ho Chi Minh's assertion that really what the Americans want to do is to take over when that is not our intention . . . the bombing simply has not lived up to any of the expectations." In general, Percy would be "willing to try anything that was not rash, that was not giving in. . . ."

The GOP might find Charles Percy just right as a compromise candidate.

Caught in the Draft

Having to prosecute a distasteful war and reform an unpopular draft, President Johnson opted for a prudent compromise – public relations. He voiced concern, appointed a commission, endorsed its results, then did nothing. He did not sanction an Administration bill or amendments to the expiring law; he did not fight the amendments passed mainly on the initiative of the House Armed Services Committee.

The House Armed Services Committee took fair advantage. It voiced its own concern and appointed its own commission, the Clark Panel, to counter the conclusions of the President's Marshall Commission. Chaired by retired General Mark Clark and including no less than three former football coaches and athletic directors, the "Civilian Advisory Panel" interviewed a spectrum of experts ranging from Pentagon and Selective Service officials, on the right, to members and staff of the Armed Services Committee, on the left. The moderates were represented in writing by the national commander of the American Legion and the commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Thus armed with the requisite advice (including that of its own chairman, L. Mendel Rivers, who testified as an expert for his own "advisory" group), the committee proceeded to write the conclusions of the Clark Panel into law. In the conference with the representatives of the Senate, Mendel Rivers' team carried nine of 14 points. Although the Senate had approved an extension of the Selective Service Act without significant amendment, its conference committee found itself at a serious disadvantage. The Dodd censure resolution, which would formally preempt consideration of other legislative matters, was scheduled for the middle of June. Predictions were that the Dodd affair would take the rest of the month, while the June 30 expiration date of the draft law was drawing nigh. The Senate conference committee had to fold.

The Mark Clark amendments, signed into law by the President last week, express equity only as a fortuitous by-product of military requirements. For example, the President's authority to reverse the order of call from oldest to 19-year-old first is consistent with the military judgment that, in the language of President Johnson's congressional message, "older recruits are generally less adaptable than younger ones to the rigors of military training." General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has also testified younger recruits are more "eager" than older ones. (At Fort Knox recruits do push-ups to the chant, "kill, kill.")

The amended draft law does empower the President to eliminate graduate school deferments and therefore the *de facto* exemptions which follow from these deferments. The military had no objection to this. How-

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ever, undergraduate deferments are retained in order to insure the military a source for officer procurement. President Johnson himself was loathe to promise the elimination of these deferments (even though recommended by his own commission) and instead called for "congressional debate" on the question. In its report, the House Armed Services Committee noted, "A young man who chose between service in 1963 and serving in 1967, and now serving in Vietnam, might well have wished that he entered service in 1963." The point is irrefutable.

Although endorsed by Thomas Morris, assistant secretary of defense for manpower, the "Fair and Impartial Random" selection system was struck down. There will be no lottery. However, the President is empowered, although not required, to establish the Clark Panel's "Modified Age Class" system: 19-year-olds and most graduate students drafted before others. Graduate students would be treated as 19-year-olds for draft purposes. But which 19-year-olds are called first? Those whose birthdays fall earliest in the month. Men born later in the month would have a better chance of not getting tapped. It's an irrational procedure and the President isn't expected to follow it; the essentials of the old system will be retained.

Occupational deferments remain (the pro-lottery Marshall Commission would have dropped them). Some quarter of a million men are not called up because their professions are ostensibly "in the national interest." Most of the 40 occupations listed by the Department of Labor as critical are in the scientific and technical fields: *all* engineers, *all* physicists, *all* mathematicians are deferred. Curiously, only half of those actually given II-A deferments are working in fields on the Labor Department's list. Labor Secretary Wirtz, who opposes critical occupations deferments, testified before the Senate that most of the other deferments were granted to men in defense industries which local boards deemed not only in the national interest but in the local community's economic interest.

The new law also reflects the House committee's concern over the 1964 decision of the Supreme Court in *US* v. *Seeger*. The court ruled that the draft law's requirement of a belief in a "Supreme Being" as a prerequisite for conscientious objection meant a "sincere and meaningful belief which occupies in the life of the possessor a place parallel to that filled by the God of those admittedly qualifying for the exemption." The committee wrote into the law the explicit provision that, as "used in this sub-section, 'religious training and belief' does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views, or a merely personal moral code."

The last magnificent obsession of the committee was the tightening of laws governing the prosecution of offenders against draft law provisions. Representative F. Edward Hébert (La.) was careful to make "a very distinct distinction" between freedom of dissent and "acts of disloyalty or treason or sedition." Nevertheless, Rep. Hébert asked, "Why can the Carmichaels and why can the Kings, and other individuals of that ilk stand before the American people and incite riot. . . ." Hébert and his colleagues want to "eliminate this rat-infested area in the country."

Medicare's Birthday

Washington held a big birthday party for Medicare last week. But those who came at the call of the President to the National Conference on Medical Costs spent less time celebrating the program's having survived its first year than debating why the kid is costing so much. In 1966 the price of medical care in general rose 6.6 percent – twice as fast as the cost of living. Hospital care costs went up 16.5 percent, doctors' fees 7.8 percent.

HEW has been bending over backward to avoid suggesting that hospitals and doctors are profiteering from a welfare program they had so stoutly opposed. It is pointed out that in 1963 the average hospital worker was making less than $1.25 an hour (ironers in Memphis made 45 cents an hour; maids and kitchen help less than 50 cents in Atlanta). Now they are covered by the minimum wage, and that has driven up costs. Also, people are consuming larger quantities of drugs; the prices of medicines have not gone up lately, but more money is being spent. Even without Medicare, says HEW, we could have expected costs to go up and up.

Finally, fees charged by doctors and hospitals have spiraled, and that is said to be inevitable as equipment becomes more expensive and as subordinate employees get larger salaries. Since the nation is not producing new doctors fast enough to meet the health needs of a growing population, physicians must see more patients who, because of programs like Medicare and Medicaid, are seeking more medical attention. Hospitals which in 1950 charged $14.40 a day and in 1965 charged $44.48, will someday soon be charging $100.

No one's to blame – certainly not the poor who no longer need to neglect their health, nor hospital workers for trying to get something a little better than a poverty wage, nor suppliers for bowing to inflation, nor pharmaceutical companies and druggists for charging the same old high prices, nor doctors for cashing in on the new, tax-supported benefits.

If Medicare is expanded to cover all Americans, not just the elderly, and if and when drugs purchased by out-patients are paid for by the government, costs

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will probably rise again. To keep these increases in line, many more doctors will have to be trained, group practice encouraged, more paramedical people made available to take the load off doctors, and resources of hospitals pooled so as to reduce duplication of expensive and specialized facilities.

Gun-Peddling

At his June 25 press conference in New York, Soviet Premier Kosygin told our UN correspondent, Philip Ben, that resumed Soviet arms aid to Egypt and Syria is "a question between the Arab countries and the Soviet Union." The problem of arms shipments to the Middle East "can be considered and resolved" once the Israelis have withdrawn from Arab soil. That's likely to take a while. Meantime, the United States should reconsider its own arms policy.

Senator Church said last week that since World War II the US gave $322-million in arms to the Arab nations, and sold $28-million worth to Israel. The result: "Outside Old Jerusalem, American tanks manned by Jordanians met American tanks manned by Israelis." In 17 years, this country has given away $37-billion worth of arms and sold an additional $16-billion worth. Currently, the US is disbursing six times more arms than Russia. In the past five years, said Church, almost $3-billion of US arms sales has been on credit; loans to underdeveloped countries are guaranteed by the Defense Department ("Selling Arms Abroad," *NR*, February 11). When poor countries buy more arms than they can afford, the US further obliges them with "budgetary support" (now totaling $10 billion) "to sustain the very military levels we ourselves encouraged." It's like a pusher lending to a junkie. Poor nations ought to have the sense and willpower to refuse. But Chile's response when the US withdrew an offer to sell supersonic jet fighters was to buy British ones, even as Chile's Foreign Minister Gabriel Valdez was deploring as waste Latin America's annual spending of $1.4-billion on arms. President Johnson told the Latins that their excessive military spending takes "the clothes off the backs and food from the stomachs and education from the minds of the children." But doesn't Mr. Johnson stop the Pentagon pushing arms sales wherever it can (Chile didn't get the jets it wanted only because they were needed in Vietnam).

This country and Russia have both suffered backfires on their arms sales policies. In Indonesia, a Soviet-equipped army butchered the communists; the army the US equipped in Iraq brought down the government Washington was supporting there. Senator Church suggested last week the best way to avoid getting American fingers burned in this filthy trade is to keep American hands clean of it.

COMING: *Andrew Kopkind reports from California on the Reagan show and how it's rated*

Boosterism

Young as they are, the Jaycees who heard President Johnson last week in Baltimore must have been carried off in a flood of nostalgia – back to the Eisenhower era of cookouts and positive thinking. It was a gloriously old-fashioned, Fourth of July speech. The voice was Lyndon's, but it echoed Ike – you never had it so good. The Jaycees cheered, whistled, cranked sirens, for in their middle-class hearts, they knew he was right: "criticism is no doubt good for the soul, but we must beware that it does not upset our confidence in ourselves"; we should count our blessings and compare what we have to what our grandfathers had; "the cussers and the doubters [should] be relegated to the rear"; "protesters and peaceniks" who "walked over the tulips" at the Pentagon are a pitiful handful.

They cheered the President's inventory of our national treasures: Our education, our prosperity, our feeding habits are second to none anywhere. "We own half the trucks in the world. We own almost half of the radios in the world. We own a third of all the electricity that's produced in the world. We own a fourth of all the steel. Our health conditions rank favorably with those of other countries in the world. And although we have only about six percent of the population in the world, we have half of its wealth. And bear in mind that the other 94 percent of the population all would like to trade with us. . . . Now I would like to see them enjoy the blessings that we enjoy. But don't you help them exchange places with us, because I don't want to be where they are." There it is. Don't "tear our country down and our flag down," and "more money will be spent on poverty in the United States and trying to do something about it this year by the federal government than we spend on Vietnam."

Boosterism, H. L. Mencken called it. Mencken was a cusser and a doubter.

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While You Weren't Looking

The Senate ratified a new international convention on narcotics in May at the urging, said Senator Mansfield, of three federal agencies – "the Departments of State, and Treasury, and by Mr. H. J. Anslinger." No one in the chamber laughed at the equation, because for many the blessing of Mr. Anslinger is about all that is needed to vote for an international treaty – without debate and without soliciting a single opponent's testimony. They knew Harry, former assistant commissioner of prohibition, then for 32 years US commissioner of narcotics, and now at 75, US representative to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs.

At the one-day public hearing on the narcotics convention earlier this year, a deputy assistant Secretary of State, a special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Anslinger were the only witnesses who appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. All three favored ratification of the treaty, which had been gathering dust since it was drawn up in 1961. According to the committee's report, it "received no indication of opposition to it at this time from any source in this country." No unfriendly witnesses were sought, none was found.

Thus, the treaty passed by a vote of 84-0 on May 8 – an event so unremarkable as to go unreported in the newspaper of record, *The New York Times*.

Known as the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, it has been agreed to by 58 nations and became binding on the United States last week. It provides for control of sowing, reaping, processing, packaging, importing, exporting and selling so-called narcotic drugs throughout the world. It replaces a ragbag assortment of earlier treaties of uneven application. Its most noteworthy provision is that for the first time it subjects marijuana to international control. It even commits India to a phase out of hashish.

In Senate testimony, Mr. Anslinger had said: "[One] important reason for becoming a party to the 1961 convention is the marijuana problem. . . . Several groups in the United States are loudly agitating to liberalize controls and, in fact, to legalize its use. In the convention it is very specific that we must prevent its misuse. If the United States becomes a party to the 1961 convention we will be able to use our treaty obligations to resist legalized use of marijuana. This discussion is going on all over the country, in many universities, and in fringe groups, and it is rather disturbing."

Indeed, there is discussion, and considerable controversy over marijuana's "misuse." It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that an agreement of this kind could have been approved with no debate and no contrary evidence.

Last February, before that one-day committee hearing, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice issued its report, *The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society*. Chapter eight, on "Narcotics and Drug Abuse," expressed serious reservations about our laws against marijuana. State and federal laws, providing as they do for fixed minimum sentences for marijuana violations, need to be reevaluated, said the commission; sentencing discretion should be restored to judges. The commission took issue with the assumption that marijuana is addictive or predisposes a user to addictive drugs. It questioned the hypothesis that persons under the influence of the drug are induced to commit crimes. It recommended that the National Institutes of Mental Health undertake an exhaustive study of marijuana use. Someone who had worked closely with the Crime Commission might have told the Foreign Relations Committee or Mr. Anslinger that not all of the returns on marijuana are in.

Last month the Crime Commission released a special supplement on drugs. Richard H. Blum, a researcher at Stanford's Institute for the Study of Human Problems and a consultant to the Crime Commission writes: "If the equivalence between alcohol and marijuana is to be accepted as an operating assumption until more facts are at hand – and we think that it is a prudent position to take – it then follows that a public debate is in order with regard to the best regulation of marijuana." Blum would make marijuana more, not less, freely available, specifically to medical research. He would reduce legal penalties, not freeze them in international law. ("There . . . appears to be good reason to moderate present punitive legislation so that penalties are more in keeping with what is now known about risks; that is, they are not great.")

A second consultant, Michael P. Rosenthal, assistant professor of law at Rutgers, in the supplementary Crime Commission report, recommends removing criminal penalties for simple possession and use of marijuana. He'd cut off the supply but not penalize the user.

Anslinger, however, believes the treaty means that marijuana will never be legalized in this country: "We've got [it] locked up so tightly now they'll never change the law."

Johnson Comes to Town

Los Angeles

At 8:46 p.m., on June 23, the Los Angeles Police Department turned a one-mile march by 10,000 lawyers, housewives, college students, doctors, teachers and small children into a street brawl. There were 511 arrested, 60 bloodied or bruised by police clubs, no one

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was shot, no one was killed. It taught several thousand middle-class citizens the high price of dissent and turned them into cop haters.

The march was organized by the Peace Action Council, a coalition of dozens of antiwar groups, but many of the predominantly middle-aged marchers had no affiliation. The PAC had, in legal fashion, taken out a permit allowing a march from a public park past the Century Towers Apartments (where Jack Benny lives in a $3,000-a-month penthouse) to the gaudy new Century Plaza Hotel where President Johnson was to speak at a $1,000-a-couple dinner.

The grass in the park had been soaked so that no one could comfortably sit down. Several hundred people at the children's baseball diamond listened to Cassius Clay and Dr. Benjamin Spock. Clay's speech consisted mainly of "Who's the World Champion?" to which the crowd good-naturedly answered, "You are." Police had barred the PAC's sound truck from the park, so Dr. Spock's speech was lost to most of the crowd.

Twilight in the park was friendly. Small children begged cookies from strangers. Many of the thousands who poured into the park as time for the march grew near were husbands just home from work, their wives and their children. At 7:30 the march began. Ten thousand citizens walked past 20th Century Fox Studios and up Avenue of the Stars. As the front of the line of marchers approached the hotel, the President's helicopter landed in the hotel parking lot. Long after Mr. Johnson had disappeared inside the hotel, the marchers were stopped by one set of policemen and told to march or disperse. When they tried to disperse, other policemen refused to allow them out. (A few mothers with very small children were permitted to leave. One five-year-old boy was handed across the top of the crowd to his mother.) The rest of the marchers were penned by dozens of cops on motorcycles who crowded them into one lane at the edge of the street.

A few dozen sat in the street as much from boredom as anything else. About 50 more militant demonstrators sat down deliberately but were talked back to their feet in less than 10 minutes by parade monitors. Unable to move, a few marchers learned from their transistor radios that their lack of movement constituted an "unlawful assembly." Even then most of them did not expect violence. They were neither unruly nor defiant, and the only way they provoked the police was with their homemade signs reading "Make Sense – Not War" or "Johnson is a Murderer" and an occasional ill-mannered chant of "LBJ, LBJ, How many kids did you kill today?"

At 8:46 p.m. – without asking or ordering the marchers to disperse – the 1,200 policemen turned the parade into a rout. They pushed, shoved, clubbed the paraders to the east – away from the hotel, justifying their attack with a *rumor* that the marchers were about to storm the hotel. "We weren't going to storm anything," says Joan Colvin, a young graduate student in zoology. "We monitors were keeping order, standing hand in hand with our backs to the police when the police attacked us. They hadn't warned us. They hadn't said a word to us for 20 minutes. Suddenly they just attacked."

Within 10 minutes, the crowd dissolved in terror. "I fell down and someone stepped on me and I kept shouting, 'For God's sake, don't crush me. Please don't crush me'. I was just trying to hang on to my kids. Some man picked the baby up and held her above the crowd even when the police were clubbing him. When the policeman raised his club at me, I grinned foolishly and thought, 'Gee, this is silly,' and then the whole side of my face was numb. I stepped over some young boy who was lying there with blood pouring down his head and then I ran like hell."

If they had grown up on the streets of Los Angeles instead of in its private nursery schools and better colleges they would have fought. Instead they ran. ("It was the crowd's lack of violence that kept more people from being hurt," says Henry Wolinsky, a UCLA medical student. "That crowd couldn't have been dispersed in less than 45 minutes without its cooperation.")

They were split into small groups and harried like rabbits by the motorcycle hounds. Nearly a hundred of those who ran were innocent bystanders – residents of the neighborhood who had come to watch the parade. A thousand were shoved to the Beverly Hills city limits nearly four blocks from the hotel. There, the exhausted marchers stood, panting in the darkness, until one policeman roared his motorcycle into their midst, scattering them once more like chaff in the hot wind of his exhaust.

In less than 45 minutes, the area surrounding the hotel was empty – except for policemen. Dressed in a tuxedo, Police Chief Tom Reddin jubilantly told his assembled force, "You stood up just tremendous. You fellows showed a great deal of patience. I think the message is out. Our city is not going to give in to lawbreakers."

Even now Police Chief Reddin is not aware that his victory may have cost far more than it was worth. Well-meaning, respectable citizens have been permanently terrified by the blank rigidity of 1,200 police faces. And as they drove or hitchhiked home in the darkness to their custom-built, remodeled, multibathroomed homes, many of them began to wonder who indeed had caused the Watts riots.

ALJEAN HARMETZ

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"Now We Must Fear Our Friends"

Victorious Israel's Look and Mood

"The City of Generals" – June 18

As we drove to Tzahala from Tel Aviv's Lod airport early Sunday morning, my hostess, after explaining that her ex-ministry of defense husband could not meet my flight because he was on a military tour of occupied Jordan, filled me in. The waiting had been terrible, the tension intolerable, the children had dug trenches. It was a little easier to wait after Moshe Dayan had been recalled as minister. They had confidence he would act before it was too late. On the fateful morning they had dropped the children off at their respective schools, as usual, and proceeded into Tel Aviv. It was only then that the air raid signals sounded. They did not believe them at first, and took cover only later.

They spent the night in the shelter converted from their garage. Jordanian long-range guns lobbed shells aimed, as their radio declared, at the "City of the Generals." (Tzahala is a suburb of Tel Aviv, built to house the ministry of defense and military officers and their families. It houses, among others, General Dayan and Chief of Staff General Rabin.) There were a couple of near misses, no direct hits.

We were pretty well along the road to Tzahala by now. Soldiers – boys and girls – were at every road crossing, thumbing rides, many carrying their Uzzi guns slung under their shoulders. These were on leave from their units, the others presumably demobilized to return to their jobs. Bus stops were thronged with waiting passengers; most buses, mobilized by the army, had not yet been released.

"We have won an almost incredible military victory," my hostess was saying as we drove up before the door, "but by only the very narrowest of margins – 15 minutes, perhaps. And we are neither elated nor do we feel secure. The battle is shifting from the military front to the political front. Before we had to fear only our enemies, now we must also fear our friends."

Her husband, returning that afternoon, did show a quiet elation. "You can't imagine what it meant to me, a Sabra, to make that tour through Jordan today. When I was a boy I moved about in that country that was then Palestine. But always there was a sense of danger. Today it was wonderful."

There had been fighting in the Old Town, and on the Jordan side, made more difficult by the desire to spare religious shrines. This meant bitter house to house fighting. But what had impressed my host most of all was the Palestinian refugee camp near Jericho. "Incredibly shocking," he said. "Now we shall have to find a solution for them."

That evening the talk ranged from the forthcoming UN General Assembly meeting to the experiences of their sons in the lightning war. Abba Eban, they were agreed, was a fine speechmaker. But this was not a time for fine speeches; it was a time for the Israeli-born, the Sabras. The government was made up of old men – too old for this situation. Still, they knew the sentiments of the people. This opportunity for peace had been dangerously won, and might never come again. Despite Arab agitation, despite the Soviet Union, despite advice from friends, Israel would have to stand firm on the conquered lands – until a peace had been won which assured Israel's right to exist, recognized and defensible borders, and the unrestricted use of Suez and the Straits of Tiran and Old Jerusalem.

All this was interspersed with stories their sons, and their sons' friends, had told on coming home, stories related by their elders with wonderment and sadness. There were stories of high officer mortality – the officers had always been out in front. There were stories of the incredible dash into Sinai, with the command continually coming through the intercoms. "Don't stop! Don't bother to fight! Never mind mopping up! Forward! After me! Forward!" There were stories of amazing fortifications, in great depth, on the Syrian front, and of their costly capture on terrain so difficult the Israeli tanks had to be assisted by bulldozers. There were stories, finally, of youths who returned in shock, unable to communicate with their parents.

Afula – June 19

A fresh morning breeze tempered the hot sun beating down on the crowd gathered in the military cemetery. The colonel's tank, which was leading the assault on entrenched Syrian positions, had sustained a direct hit which killed him and five members of his crew. After brilliantly successful action in Sinai, this tank unit had rushed 400 kilometers to Syria, two hours ahead of schedule. The entire unit was composed of reservists, including the colonel, a lawyer in civilian life. The crowd at the services, numbering about 100, comprised family, friends, representatives from his unit, and political associates. The dead man's father read out the *Kaddish* (lament for the dead). His commanding officer, a beretted brigadier and one of the few men in uniform, described the colonel's leadership qualities and the action in which he fell. Shimon Peres, secretary-general of the Rafi Party, spoke briefly. The parents kissed the brigadier on both cheeks and departed. No military salute.

Returning to Tel Aviv by way of Haifa, we stopped to see old friends. The husband had left that morning

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on an official mission. His wife, a journalist and author, spoke in a low voice of her concerns. Israelis were determined this time to have peace. Any government which compromised the prospects for a secure peace would not survive. But the situation was difficult, so much depended on what transpired at the UN – and on the United States.

Tel Aviv – June 20

With the exception of homeward bound, weaponed soldiers and larger than normal groups waiting at bus stops, and many people carrying transistor radios so as not to miss the news broadcasts, Tel Aviv seems normal. But it is bewildered by the reports from New York, amazed that the Arabs and the Soviet Union could cry "aggression" by Israel. Abba Eban's General Assembly speech, broadcast in full late that evening, was listened to by many. "It was a very good speech," my host said. "A great speech, perhaps. But it was the speech of a diplomat, a lawyer, crying for justice – not a Sabra's speech. We've done enough crying in the past. We shouldn't cry any more."

Occupied Jordan – June 21

The traffic to Jerusalem was heavy, many cars loaded with bearded and caftaned Orthodox Jews. Traffic from Jerusalem was lighter, but in several places we were held up on the two-laned road because of trailer platforms carrying huge, captured Jordanian camouflaged tanks, evidently in prime condition.

Swinging south and east from Old Jerusalem, we entered Bethlehem, glaring white in the hot sun. Its Arab population was 80 percent Christian. In the large square approaching the Church of the Nativity, children accosted Israeli soldiers and civilians, offering postal cards, cold drinks, religious objects. Arabs sat in front of their houses and shops and conversed quietly. Inside the Church of the Nativity, a Jordanian guide was escorting an Israeli group from the Birthplace to the Manger. The group, which comprised the ex-mayor of Jerusalem, other civilians, and a few Israeli officers and soldiers listened respectfully. Bethlehem doesn't seem too unhappy over the new dispensation.

If Bethlehem's atmosphere was restrained, Hebron's is that of a county fair. Hundreds of Israeli soldiers, and as many Israeli civilians, throng the main square, their arms full of purchases, eating ice cream, drinking soda pop, buying rides on donkeys. The Arabs are busily exploiting this tourist bonanza.

On a side street, off the square, is a holy place where Abraham and other Elders of Zion are entombed. Outside stand a number of elderly, Orthodox Jews. And here I see for the first time young Orthodox Jews, bearded and with uncut plaited sideburns, in uniform and weaponed. The Arabs had permitted access to the holy place only on Sundays, and only up seven of the 30 steps leading to the sacred site. Now I see two Israeli soldiers, Uzzis slung under their shoulders, knock on the door to seek admission. It opens a trifle, a discussion ensues, during which several other soldiers join the two at the door. They are still arguing when the door is closed in their faces. The soldiers shake their heads but make no effort to press further for the entry denied them to a Jewish holy place by a vanquished Moslem guardian. Strange conquerors!

From Hebron we turn north again, passing to the east of Jerusalem, up the road to Ramallah. On the way we see several crushed automobiles, evidently run over by tanks, and two others bullet-riddled. We pass through small towns that show signs of fighting – shell marks, blasted-out windows. There are numerous military checkpoints along the road. At one of these, we are turned back. An Israeli-licensed car with five passengers cuts behind the checkpoint and, ignoring the shouted command to halt, proceeds up the road. It goes less than a hundred yards when the sentry's warning shot, fired into the air, brings it to a sudden stop. We return through the Old City, from which most of the rubble has already been cleared.

That evening we sit again and talk, in another Tzahala home. An ex-colonel deprecates the Russian threat and its rearming of the Arabs. "We've got the east bank of Suez. Egypt can't advance on the ground. What can they do – bomb Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, that's all." Another ex-officer, who had fought in the 1956 Sinai campaign, and had served before that with the US Marines in the Pacific during World War II, resolves the discussion. He doubts the Russians would intervene with force to save the Arab cause. "But if they do," he says, "we won't die in crematoria."

En Route Paris – June 22

My seat companion on the El Al flight is a clean-cut, sport-jacketed young man. He is French born, 30 years old, and a Jew. He has dual nationality and two passports – one French, one Israeli. He had fought as a paratrooper in the 1956 Sinai campaign. A reservist, he had sat, along with many friends, in Paris' Orly airport for 48 hours after the outbreak of the recent fighting, until he could get on a plane to Tel Aviv and rejoin his unit. He was in time for the fight on the Syrian front, where 18 of his friends in the unit were killed. Now released, he is returning to his wife and four-year-old son. He is not hopeful about the outcome of the General Assembly meetings. "We know how to fight," he said, "but we are not good diplomats. We don't know how to lie." Then he said, after a pause, "I don't think I want to live in France any more. In France I work. In Israel I breathe."

LOUIS J. WALINSKY

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Skelly Wright's Sweeping Decision

In a long, passionate opinion in the case of *Hobson* v. *Hansen*, Judge J. Skelly Wright of the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, sitting by assignment as a District Judge, has roundly indicted the Washington school system and its superintendent, Dr. Carl F. Hansen, declaring the former, and quite possibly also the latter, unconstitutional. The opinion is a jeremiad and as such commands respect. The inner city of Washington, with its slums, its poverty, its juvenile crime and its schools, is a disgrace. Against this, Judge Wright cries out, from the heart. But Judge Wright is a judicial officer administering the Constitution, and the Constitution does not put at the disposal of judges the resources to prevent, abolish, or even alleviate poverty, juvenile delinquency, slum housing, or rotten schools.

The Constitution forbids segregation enforced by law and requires federal judges to remove its vestiges. This involves no making of educational policy, and certainly no effort to rearrange a deteriorating social and economic environment. It involves removing the coercive force of the state as a cause of segregation, and then neutralizing its lingering effects. But with very few exceptions, federal judges other than Judge Wright have felt unable to tackle situations of massive *de facto* segregation in major urban centers. They have failed to act, because, as Judge Wright unwittingly demonstrates, they have no well-developed body of principles to fall back on in reforming such educational institutions as the neighborhood schools. They enter, in the area of *de facto* segregation, territory that is unfamiliar to them, in which they are not entitled to have special confidence in whatever answers they may evolve, for these are likely to reflect no more than their own personal preference or orders of priority. There was, in contrast, a good bit of history and principle to fall back on in deciding that legal segregation, coerced by the state, was unconstitutional. Judges have failed to act also because, even if they knew some answers, they would still lack the resources – the money, the personnel, the machinery – to put them into effect. This is not a question of being obeyed. Law always runs the risk of being disobeyed, as *Brown* v. *Board of Education* often was. That case, however, was a "stop" order. When courts undertake to issue a "go" order, as Skelly Wright has done, they need resources which are not at their disposal.

Judge Wright's indictment of the superintendent and the school administration is rife with imputations of bad faith, but in the end it comes to rest on a charge of complacency only, not on a charge of intentional segregation. He condemns as unconstitutional the track system, optional school zones, teacher assignment practices, and in some measure the entire neighborhood school policy, but he does not quite come to hold that these features of the Washington school system were instituted or maintained in order to perpetuate segregation in the schools.

It seems quite clear to Judge Wright that the optional zones, for example, operate to allow white children in a relatively integrated neighborhood to escape from a predominantly Negro school into an integrated, but substantially white school. And yet it is far from clear that if the optional feature of the zones were removed, the result might not be more segregation than at present, either because rigid neighborhood lines would have that effect, or because more whites would simply flee. Moreover, the option is available not only to whites but to Negroes, and is availed of in some measure by both. Despite his imputations of bad faith, Judge Wright fails to prove his case concerning the optional zones.

One of the purposes of the track system of ability grouping is the remedial one of helping the slow and disadvantaged student. Another is to permit the quick to advance at their own pace. Judge Wright makes a persuasive case against the system as it operates in Washington. It is too rigid, it tends to validate its own predictions, which in turn are made on the basis of tests that yield much less certain a measure of true ability than is often supposed; and it does not fulfill its remedial purpose, because it is not supported by sufficient remedial resources. No doubt it could be improved and perhaps it should be abandoned. The difficulty comes in declaring a well-intentioned – and debatable – educational policy unconstitutional, either because one deems it wrong, or maladministered, or, for whatever reasons, a failure. If this is the function of the Constitution and of our judges, they have their work cut out for them.

Another portion of Judge Wright's opinion deals with supposed inequalities in facilities and quality of instruction between predominantly Negro schools in the District and the few predominantly white ones. Here there is no doctrinal difficulty. Whatever the intention behind them, demonstrable inequalities in treatment at the hands of government that run along racial lines are unconstitutional. They were well before *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. The prior constitutional doctrine commanded equality in separation. The Constitution now forbids separation, but it has not abandoned the goal of equality. So the issue is a factual one.

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As to physical facilities, the evidence seems to be neither here nor there. Negroes are vastly in the majority in the Washington school system, and in consequence they occupy some of the oldest and some of the newest buildings. But Judge Wright makes out a persuasive case concerning the distribution of teachers in the District.

The predominantly white schools have apparently had more than their share of experienced, tenured teachers. Whether this is a real advantage may be questionable, and the school administrators in Washington apparently do question it. But since experience is a criterion of competence in most professions, it is not easy to see why it should be discarded in the teaching profession. At any rate, the decisive consideration is that the Washington school system has not discarded it, but has simply tolerated a smaller proportion of experienced teachers in Negro schools.

Judge Wright is also persuaded that there is a substantial disparity in per capita expenditures per pupil among white and Negro schools, with greater expenditures, of course, in the white schools. To the extent that the disparity is real, it seems to be a function of the greater proportion of tenured – and hence higher salaried – teachers in the predominantly white schools. So it scarcely proves anything additional to that.

Finally, though faculties and other school personnel are integrated in Washington, Judge Wright finds that white teachers tend to be assigned to white schools and Negro teachers to Negro schools. It is natural that in a school system with over 90 percent Negro pupils there should be a great majority of Negro teachers; and so there is – some 78 percent. Given these two large percentages, it is a mathematical certainty that there will be great concentrations of Negro teachers in predominantly Negro schools. And many Negroes feel – they made that clear in the dispute about School 201 in Harlem – that Negro pupils *should* have Negro teachers, who should displace as authoritative figures the white teachers who predominated in the past. Be that as it may, the preferences of white teachers for white middle-class schools do seem in some measure to have been informally respected by the Washington school administrators.

Declaring De Facto Segregation Unconstitutional

Judge Wright deals with these matters by forbidding the track system outright, and ordering abolition of the optional zones. As to teachers, he orders the Board to present a plan for teacher assignment which will fully integrate the faculty of each school. Since many of the white schools in the Northwest section are underpopulated, he orders the school administration to provide busing to the Northwest schools for such children in overcrowded, predominantly Negro schools, as volunteer for it.

But all this is, relatively speaking, less important detail. The main and most innovating thrust of Judge Wright's opinion is the proposition, which he adopts more squarely than any court has yet done, that *de facto* segregation as such is unconstitutional. And what does he propose to do about that? "Because of the 10-to-1 ratio of Negro to white children in the public schools of Washington," Judge Wright says, "and because the neighborhood policy is accepted and is in general use throughout the United States, the court is not barring its use here at this time." However he requires the school system to prepare and present to him a plan "to alleviate pupil segregation," and to "consider the advisability" of educational parks, school pairings, "and other approaches toward maximum effective integration." But what kind of maximum effective integration can there be in a school system in which Negroes constitute over 90 percent of the school population, and in which they may well ultimately constitute even more? In tacit recognition of this unanswerable question, Judge Wright adds that he will require efforts at compensatory education, to provide equal opportunities even in predominantly Negro schools. But how is Judge Wright going to see that effective methods of compensatory education are invented, how is he going to produce the trained personnel to apply them, and how, even if he could guarantee success, is he going to see to the financing of these efforts?

Here, then, is the heart of the matter. Judge Wright's remedy for conditions that he found to be unconstitutional is still in an early stage of development, but it is reasonably clear that he, no more than anyone else, has a remedy or can put one into effect. What then is the use of such judgments? What is the use of a hortatory constitutional pronouncement urging Washington, D.C., to solve its social and economic problems? Judge Wright's opinion might have been a document issued by some group of civic leaders, or some foundation or research organization, and whatever disagreement one might have had with this or that aspect of it, one would have welcomed its attention to the school problem. But the Constitution and the judges who guard it have a well-defined role to play, which no one else can play. They are to address themselves to those features of the society with which law can deal, by defining rights, obligations and goals. No charitable organization and no study group can do that job, can invoke the power of government to those ends. It is no service to any worthy cause to saddle legal institutions with functions they cannot discharge, and to issue in the name of the law promises the courts cannot redeem.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

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What Hath Dodd Wrought?

Notes on an Experiment in Conduct

by Robert Yoakum

The Creator "lifted His hand, and from it burst a fountain-spray of fire, a million stupendous suns, which clove the blackness . . . as they pierced the far frontiers of Space, until at last they were but as diamond nailheads sparkling under the domed vast roof of the universe." The three archangels – Michael, Gabriel, and Satan – were impressed and thoughtful, according to Mark Twain in Letters from the Earth.

Then the Creator made animals. The three archangels "were perplexed. Deeply perplexed – and the Creator noticed it, and said, 'Ask, I will answer.'

" 'Divine One,' said Satan, making obeisance, 'what are they for?'

" 'They are an experiment in Morals and Conduct. Observe them, and be instructed.' "

A few celestial days later Satan decided "to hunt up the earth and see how the Human-Race experiment was coming along. By and by he wrote home – very privately: "This is a strange place, an extraordinary place, and interesting. . . . The people are all insane, the other animals are all insane, the earth is insane. Nature itself is insane. Man is a marvelous curiosity. When he is at his very best he is a sort of low-grade nickel-plated angel; at his worst he is unspeakable, unimaginable; and first and last and all the time he is a sarcasm. Yet he blandly and in all sincerity calls himself the 'noblest work of God.' This is the truth I am telling you."

In this letter, as in others, Satan's problem was to convince his friends that he wasn't making the whole thing up: "I have told you nothing about man that is not true. . . . I want you to take seriously the things I am telling you, and I feel that if I were in your place and you in mine, I should need that reminder from time to time, to keep my credulity from flagging."

From the press gallery of the United States Senate, one can peer down into a vast pit and watch the bipeds who make laws for the earth's most powerful nation. They sometimes refer to themselves as "the greatest deliberative body in the world." Starting on June 13, a debate raged below for nine days over the report of a body called the Committee on Standards and Conduct. It was an amazing spectacle.

Nearly a year and a half ago, under the pressure of Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, this committee reluctantly began an investigation of one of their own, Senator Thomas J. Dodd. They wrote a report accusing Senator Dodd of (a) diverting campaign money into his pocket, tax free, and (b) of collecting twice on travel expenses, from private groups and from the government. They said he should be censured for his conduct, which tended "to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute."

What happened in the pit for nine days also tended to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute, though it finally voted 92-5 to censure. (One newspaperman wanted to begin his article, but did not, "Senator Thomas J. Dodd chiseled his name into history today.") But by a vote of 51 to 45, Dodd was exonerated of charge (b).

Dodd was the sixth senator to be censured, the second from the state of Connecticut to be so rebuked, the first senator to be censured for personal financial misconduct, the first such defendant to vote at his own trial, although, even so, he was condemned by the largest vote in the history of such proceedings.

Perhaps the most astounding feature of the entire

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affair was that it was supposed to be a moral inquiry. Monstrous lies were told and no one laughed or cried out; far greater crimes than those being contemplated were concealed; many squirmed but none protested.

Of all the bipeds in the pit, the defendant was the most marvelous curiosity. By their voices and their faces, the senators below showed they knew Dodd to be lying. And he did lie, almost unfailingly. Yet in a moment of hell-red, desk-pounding indignation, near the middle of his speech on the first day, he shouted "I am telling you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God. I am telling the truth as though I had to face my Maker in a minute. I am telling you the truth and I am concealing nothing. May the vengeance of God strike me if I am doing otherwise!"

Dodd also tempted secular fate. He urged his audience "to look at the whole picture" – to do what *he* did when he was a district attorney: "I took a whole look at the man, at his whole life and how he conducted himself. . . ." "The picture of my entire life ought to be taken into consideration," he said.

It Was the Last Thing They Wanted

Nothing could have harmed the poor man more, but it was a safe enough challenge; the last thing his associates wanted to do was to look into Dodd's entire life. The Ethics Committee had decided to limit its investigation and indictment because among other reasons, the Senate would otherwise have been brought into far greater dishonor and disrepute. The six committee members and their tiny staff (five people, including secretaries, whose salaries come to $4,000 a month – a figure that might, for humorous purposes, be compared with the 31 people, whose salaries come to $31,000 a month, who work under vice chairman Thomas J. Dodd on the internal security subcommittee) did not *altogether* ignore other matters: the committee did look into Dodd's private relations with a public relations man, and agent for West Germany, Julius Klein, and found that they were "indiscreet and beyond the responsibilities of a senator to any citizen. . . ."

One item the committee turned over to the Justice Department and the Internal Revenue Service for possible legal action was Dodd's receipt of $8,000 in cash from the International Latex Corporation, allegedly in return for the senator's promise to help make A. N. Spanel, the company's chairman of the board, an ambassador. It also turned over to the Justice Department another discovery – that Dodd had accepted as a gift the loans of three new automobiles over a 21-month period from Dunbar Associates, a Connecticut contracting firm that does business with the federal government. Dodd had intervened on Dunbar's behalf with federal agencies, according to testimony presented.

There were many other charges, often supported by evidence in the public "stipulations" signed by both the committee and Dodd's lawyers. The best list, although still incomplete, comes from a letter written to the Ethics Committee by the four ex-employees of Sen. Dodd who started the whole affair by removing and copying some 6,000 documents from his files to prove that he was dishonest. Dodd's former staff members where distressed over the decision to narrow the indictment to two issues. "How will Americans ever learn about patterns of privilege and conflict of interest," one of them asked, "if only 10 percent of his unethical activities – and those the least important – are made public?"

In the letter, which was detailed enough to include names and sums of money, they said:

► that Dodd had accepted monetary gifts, services, and other things of substantial value from industries being investigated by committees of which he was chairman or a member (they named the motion picture, television, firearms, insurance, drug and electrical industries);

► that Dodd had accepted "monetary contributions and other personal gifts from businessmen or other groups for whom he had performed official services (they named five including defense industries);

► that Dodd had sought and sometimes obtained appointments for people who contributed large sums of money or granted him non-interest bearing loans (nine examples);

► that Dodd had aided clients of his Hartford law firm by pressing their interests before federal agencies (two named);

► that Dodd had used "public funds for what essentially are vacation or personal trips" to Florida, California, the Caribbean and Europe;

► that Dodd had put on the Senate payroll – either on his own staff or that of a committee he headed – people "who perform no public business and who render essentially personal services. . . ." They gave three examples, one of which was 21 staff members on the payroll of the juvenile delinquency subcommittee; 13 were diverted by the chairman, Sen. Dodd, "to activities that bore no relation to the committee work for which they were being paid. . . ."

Here is one story that didn't get into their letter:

Both Connecticut and federal law prohibit corporations and labor unions from making direct, partisan campaign contributions; but direct, partisan contributions *were* made at the Labor-Management Dinner held in Dodd's behalf on October 14, 1964. Income from that dinner was given at $16,000 in the report to the

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Connecticut Secretary of State, but under pressure from Ethics Committee investigators, Dodd said that the dinner had actually netted $31,853.31. (Dodd's ex-employees believe it was more than that.) Shortly before the dinner, two lawyers pointed out to Dodd that much of the money already collected was in violation of the law. Dodd naturally didn't want to return the money, so the law was circumvented by the routine device of having contributors "buy" advertisements in a souvenir booklet. Marjorie Carpenter, who was present at this discussion, protested that there wasn't time to print such a booklet, but the scheme went ahead anyway. A line was added to the program saying that a souvenir booklet was being printed and would be sent to dinner guests. It never was.

Did a wave of indignation sweep over the land after the publication of the mid-April letter by the four former employees of Dodd? No. Most people remained ignorant of it. The Ethics Committee refused to expand its inquiry. It so little affected Sen. Dodd that he openly used an employee of the internal security subcommittee, David Martin, his "anti-communist expert," to coordinate his second line of defense – a battery of 11 or 12 lawyers and aides who occupied an entire corner of the Senate during the debate. David Martin, like other committee employees, not only works for Dodd but in 1964 helped him campaign and raise money in Connecticut. He arranged the Latex deal, and received a $1,000 bonus from Dodd. How does all this increase the nation's internal security? One cannot say. Mr. Martin was not called as a witness.

Dodd's finances will never be clear, but in the years studied by the committee (1961-1965) he didn't suffer despite his groans on Judgment Day. In addition to his salary of $30,000 a year (plus free medical care and other benefits), Dodd diverted between $116,000 and $161,000 in tax-free campaign funds to his own bank account, received $110,000 in legal fees, $50,000 in lecturing and writing fees, and only he knows how much went into double-billing and other forms of remuneration.

Dodd launched the debate by saying that he wanted "justice, not mercy," whereupon he launched one of the most protracted and shameless appeals for mercy ever seen, even at the gates of Hell. His family hung over the edge of the pit for the entire two weeks, an uncomfortable presence for uneasy senators. At one point Dodd was asked by his "defense attorney" (Senator Russell Long), who did the cooking in his household. After a short exchange about how often the cleaning woman came in, Dodd said it was Mrs. Dodd: "I am embarrassed even to answer the question or have it raised [he had already raised this question himself], but I said before that my bones are bare anyway. It does not make much difference anymore." Senator Dodd wanted (b) voted before (a) – for strategic reasons. He had said earlier that he didn't care, that it didn't matter. But then it turned out that it did matter. "You want to be fair with me? . . . I am not asking for very much . . . Nobody wants to see it over any more than I, with perhaps the exception of my wife and family. . . . All I want is a fair shake. . . . If you do not want to do it for me, that is all right. . . . I am not asking you to do very much for me. . . . If you do not want to do that for me, then there is nothing I can do about it. . . . I am asking for decency."

One of Dodd's defense speeches was almost identical to a television speech he had delivered earlier to constituents in Connecticut – with an interesting exception. In the Senate he didn't use the theme that ran all the way through his address back home: he was in all this bad trouble because he was an anti-communist. That would not have gone down well in a group of men who speak openly about what one of them called "his notorious absentee record in committees – and especially in the Committee on Foreign Relations. He's

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not there to hear witnesses, or to do work, but he shows up on the floor every two weeks or so to make a big anti-communist speech."

But in Connecticut things are different, especially among those well-knit ethnic groups that identify strongly with the Irish Catholic senator and the well-heeled conservatives who are his biggest financial backers. (A typographical error in the *Congressional Record* had Dodd saying "Ethnical judgments are *not* involved at all here." What he really said was "ethical judgments," but either way he was wrong.) ". . . The campaign against me," he told his constituents, "has its origin in a strange coming together of hateful and vengeful interest. . . . There was a minor press wolf-pack . . . which has been after my scalp for many years because of my position on communism and communist aggression, and because of my repeated criticism of the blindness and softness and insistence on appeasement to which they are all addicted. . . . The communists have always regarded me as a prime enemy. In fact, the communist propaganda apparatus has been having a field day. . . . In a sense, I am technically responsible for the incredibly sloppy bookkeeping that went on in my office. . . . I'm responsible because I was on the Senate floor making speeches, or conducting hearings, or gathering the facts about communism, subversion and terrorism, so that I could present them to the Congress and the people. . . . A question at issue is whether Pearson and Anderson are to be given a hunting license to knock off all those in Congress who advocate a hard line of resistance to communist aggression and who oppose all tendencies to appeasement."

The Anti-Censure Voters

In the Senate, the four who joined Dodd in the anti-censure vote were Russell Long, John Tower of Texas, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina – and one alien, the junior senator from Connecticut, Abraham Ribicoff. Ribicoff was in agony; he could only lose. He chose the path which he thought would involve the smallest loss. He would have voted for censure had he come from another state, or if the Connecticut newspapers had done their job and dug up the other Dodd scandals, or if the committee had broadened its indictment, or, perhaps, even if he had not been running next year. As it is, he will now be able to live best with the people he likes least in his state.

Carl Curtis of Nebraska, a Dodd defender did finally vote for censure. Yet he made the kind of attack on the four ex-employees of Dodd (about whom, it quickly became clear, he knew nothing) – that might have emerged from the horror of a communist purge trial. He judged them, he condemned them, he reviled them, he spoke of their "offenses" as though they were proven, he asked mysteriously whether blackmail might have been a motive "Blackmail is a rather dirty word, but I use it. . . . As a matter of fact, the committee knew there was something wrong in Denmark." ("It's not nearly as serious as what's wrong in Nebraska," a reporter added.) Curtis was not heard from, however, after the following exchange:

"*Mr. Curtis:* Is there anything in the record to indicate that any of these four former employees delivered any of the information they obtained to the Committee on Standards and Conduct prior to the time they delivered it to a man who was selling a column?

"*Mr. Bennett:* There was no Committee on Standards and Conduct at the time."

These employees, by the way, cooperated fully with the Ethics Committee and, Senator Curtis, Long and others to the contrary, suffered financially as well as emotionally from their decision. (One of them is preparing to sue Sen. Long for remarks made on a radio program.) They did not respond to most attacks, at the request of the committee. Yet they were not even told that the committee intended to condemn them for their act. (If they had known this, they would have asked to put their motives on the record in reply to neutral questioning. As it is, the record only contains their responses to the hostile questions of Dodd's lawyer.) And there were many other small and large slights from the committee that was so indebted to them. But the most thoughtless omission, if not the most serious, was the failure to let them hear the debate. Dodd's former office manager and bookkeeper, Michael O'Hare, tried to get in all during the first week. He would be let for 15 minutes at a time, like any tourist, then he would have to wait for 45 minutes in line to get back in. All this time, and for the following week, too, he was being savaged by Dodd and Long on the libel-proof floor. No senator came to his aid.

And on what better note could this further report on the Creator's experiment in Morals and Conduct end? O'Hare was told by one senator whom he had approached for a pass of some sort, "Well, you can always read it in the *Record* the next day." But he *couldn't* read it in the *Congressional Record* the next day because senators give themselves the right to change what they said. And, sure enough, at least two of the most damaging statements made about O'Hare had been altered; one – a tirade by Russell Long – had disappeared altogether.

Morally speaking, then, the experiment has reached the point where, in "the greatest deliberative body in the world," a man who makes sacrifices to help expose a corrupt senator can be badly hurt by things he can neither hear nor read. And he cannot count on help from the pit – or even outside it.

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The Voice of ITT

by James Ridgeway

The Federal Communications Commission has, for the second time, approved the acquisition of the American Broadcasting Company by International Telephone & Telegraph. This decision and the route by which it was reached tell less about the problems of economic competition among international companies, than about the diminishing rights of dissent and the waywardness of a free press.

Plans for the acquisition were announced in early 1966, and although this was to be the largest merger in broadcast history, raising a number of serious economic and political problems, the FCC originally scheduled only three hours of hearings. (As it turned out they ran for two days last fall.) There was no public defense mounted against the merger, no cross-examination of company witnesses, no request by the commission for books and records of the two firms. Officers of the two companies were taken at their word. On December 21, the commission by a 4-3 vote approved joining the companies.

The Justice Department's antitrust division then asked that hearings be reopened, a request the commission grudgingly granted. The FCC refused to allow the American Civil Liberties Union to testify as a public defender, claiming it would serve no useful purpose. On April 10 an examiner began a second series of hearings which ran three weeks, the full commission heard arguments for two days, and as expected the FCC, on June 22, by the same 4-3 margin again approved the merger. Voting in favor were Lee Loevinger, who wrote most of the majority opinion, Robert E. Lee, James J. Wadsworth and Rosel H. Hyde, the chairman. Hyde was the swing vote. Against were Nicholas Johnson, who wrote most of the dissent, Robert Bartley and Kenneth Cox. The Justice Department has 30 days to file an appeal in the courts. Some members of Congress show some interest in holding hearings, although at this writing the prospect is uncertain. For the most part, congressmen who have said they are concerned about economic concentration and freedom of the press have sat on their hands.

In developing its case against the merger, the Justice Department's chief lawyer, Lionel Kestenbaum, put on a brilliant show. Under his questioning ITT witnesses indicated that had ITT not bought ABC, it might well have picked up other broadcasting companies, eventually creating a fourth network and thus creating more competition. In addition, ITT officials said the company was seriously interested in cable television before ABC came along. (Cable TV would greatly increase the number of television channels by transmitting via telephone wires rather than over airways). Now, ITT has dropped cable television. Most serious, however, was the suggestion that the merger may set back communications technology. Experts said ITT was advanced in this area, and that the day was approaching when a television set could pick up signals directly from a satellite, instead of receiving them from a relay tower which is the current practice. But with ABC's heavy investment in relay towers, why should ITT want to push forward with technology that would render the tower system obsolete?

While such issues are interesting to antitrust lawyers, the main question in this case is the probable effect of the merger on the independence of ABC, what there is of it. Should the government allow ITT to pick up a public network and run the risk of having it become the voice of ITT's national and international operations?

ITT is the ninth largest industrial corporation in the world and gets 60 percent of its income from 40 different countries. In addition to sales of communications equipment, ITT operates subsidiaries in life insurance, finance, car rentals, airport parking, book publishing, education technology and a variety of other enterprises. Abroad its telephone subsidiaries are directed, among others, by members of the British House of Lords, the French National Assembly and a former premier of Belgium. The decisions of its boards of directors are affected by the constant ebb and flow of international politics. This is not another large American company operating in what is thought to be a regulated marketplace, but rather a kind of supra-governmental organization. It does not employ lobbyists to influence policy in foreign countries, but rather sends envoys who ply a secret diplomacy.

In 1954, for instance, ITT made a deal with the Air Force to run a cable from Canada to England in an operation called Deep Freeze. In both those countries, there was opposition to a foreign firm's getting the job, and Ellery Stone, then president of Commercial Cable Co., an ITT affiliate, went off to lobby with one of his old British pals. He wired back, "Had meeting with Macmillan Minister Defense Tuesday, 20 minutes of which were devoted to briefing him on Deep Freeze. . . . Halfway thru our meeting he dictated memo to permanent Secretary of his Ministry, advising of his

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relationship with me during the war, my present position, the cost and route of Deep Freeze and the JCS [Joint Chiefs of Staff] support saying that he understood our application had been pending for some time before HMG [Her Majesty's Government]. . . . He suggested that he be informed soonest where the matter stood."

ITT's International Diplomacy

Meanwhile, Forest Henderson, executive vice president of American Cable & Radio Corp., another ITT subsidiary, was busy working on the Canadians. He wired Stone of progress in the negotiations: "Have just had phone conversation with Martin Montreal [E. J. Martin, now and then representative of the Commercial Cable Co. for Canada.] He had just finished talking with our counsel [Gordon MacClaren, ITT special legal counsel in Canada] who had received call from [Lester] Pearson minister of external affairs Thursday p.m. who requests we keep following information completely confidential. . . . He told our counsel that NATO was now involved and that various countries within NATO were going to consider it. . . . Martin called Bryce [Canadian cabinet secretary] . . . after receiving this information and explained situation to him outlining Pearson's conversation to our counsel and pointing out fact that we had been promised a reply soon on our application by Canadian government. Bryce replied that he was going to consult immediately with various ministries involved and would give Martin a report Friday which Martin is going to relay to me. This report from Bryce will also be strictly confidential but it will help us to know the lay of the land and guide us in making further plans and decisions. We feel that it is high time for our State Department to step into this picture with a strong message to the PMs of all countries involved requesting immediate attention to our project and favorable action on same . . . because of following sentences and strictly confidential nature of above information we do not propose to divulge same to State Department. It is of greatest importance that above information coming from highest government source not be mentioned to anyone including military person. It is pointed out that should the above become known the consequences would be disastrous."

Here was ITT playing off the governments of three countries to its own advantage. (It is, incidentally, illegal for ITT to have entered into such dealings with foreign officials without informing the FCC, which it did not.) Deep Freeze never came off, but it is nonetheless hard to imagine an enterprising reporter from ABC, another ITT affiliate, breaking the story that would surely damage the parent company. So as to put off people who worry lest ABC lose what independence it has, ITT last fall gravely promised to protect the freedom of the broadcasting company. A statement said, "The independence of ABC programming from any other ITT commercial or other similar interest shall be inviolate. No officer, employee, or agent of any ITT system company or group shall take any action or make any attempt to influence in any way whatsoever in the news, special events, entertainment, or other programming of the ABC network or stations for the purpose of attempting to further, or to avoid conflict with, the commercial or other interests of an ITT system company or group."

Imbued with the spirit of this communique, Edward J. Gerrity Jr., vice president for public relations of ITT, paid a call at *The New York Times* Washington bureau the night of February 1 to speak with Eileen Shanahan, the reporter covering the merger story. On previous occasions ITT public relations representatives had complained to Miss Shanahan that her stories were "unfair," and now Gerrity was trying to push on her the text of an FCC order which was particularly nasty about the Justice Department, and thus in the interest of ITT. Miss Shanahan didn't think it merited publishing in full in the *Times* and told Gerrity so. Gerrity gave up that line and started off in a different direction. "He asked me," Miss Shanahan later testified, "whether I had been following what had been happening to the price of the stock. My best recollection is that he was referring to both ABC and ITT stock although I am not clear on that point. . . . I said, 'No, I didn't watch individual stock prices closely'. He asked me, didn't I feel I had a responsibility to the shareholders who might lose money as a result of what I wrote.

"I said, 'No, I didn't. My responsibility was to find out the truth and print it.' The conversation still continued. He then . . . asked me whether I was aware Commissioner Nicholas Johnson was working with some people in Congress on legislation that would forbid any newspaper from owning any broadcast property and what did I think the *Times* would think of that. [The *Times* owns radio stations.] I told him I couldn't imagine the *Times* would be overjoyed at this but at the same time I couldn't see such a bill getting through Congress if what he reported was true. He then said, 'I think this is some information that you ought to pass on to your publisher before you write anything further about Commissioner Johnson's opinions in anything'."

(Both Nicholas Johnson and Senator Nelson say there is nothing to Gerrity's story.)

Reporters for AP, UPI and *Washington Post* also claimed they were badgered by ITT public relations men in covering the story. Last week Miss Shanahan

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complained that friends and former employees told her that Jack Horner, the Washington public relations man for ITT, had made inquiries into her personal and professional life even after she testified before the commission. Asked if there was any truth to this, Horner said, "no comment."

At any rate, this kind of work is right up ITT's alley. In the summer of 1966, while the merger was pending, Harold S. Geneen, president of ITT, heard that ABC was having some difficulty with Nielsen ratings and sent along Gerrity to fix things up. Geneen's memo to Gerrity said, "Leonard Goldenson [ABC president] tells me that Art Nielsen's company has approached them *re* elimination of the 30 market Nielsen ratings. As you realize, ABC has the most interest in continuation of these ratings because they are the one place that they can show program performance on an equal coverage basis since there are 30 markets in which all three networks are fully represented.

"We have reason to believe that probably Columbia Broadcasting is behind such a move.

"In any event, will you call Art Nielsen and sound him out for (a) objections to doing this; and (b) suggest in a gentle way that since ABC is in the underdog position that the elimination of these ratings at this point would have a serious effect on its advertising presentation capability and competitive position and 'we wouldn't blame them at all,' if they wanted to react with a congressional inquiry or whatever thoughts you come up with that might make him think twice about doing it. . . ."

Nielsen still has its 30 market ratings, although there isn't anything to show that Gerrity's work was responsible for their retention.

In their dissent Commissioners Johnson, Bartley and Cox had this to say about ABC's future independence: "But for the brazen activities of ITT in this very proceeding it would never have occurred to us to suggest that the most probable threat to the integrity of ABC news would come from overt actions or written policy statements. Now that is clearly possible. But even now, we believe the most substantial threat comes from a far more subtle, almost unconscious process. ABC newsmen and their supervisors will know that ITT is the boss, and that ITT has sensitive business relations in various foreign countries, and that reporting on any number of industries and economic developments will touch the interests of ITT. The mere awareness of these interests will make it impossible for those news officials, no matter how conscientious, to report news and develop documentaries . . . the way that they would do if ABC remained unaffiliated with ITT. . . .

"Thus, the threat is not so much that documentaries or news stories adversely affecting the interests of ITT will be filmed and then killed, or slanted – although that is also a problem. It is that questionable story ideas, or news coverage, will never be proposed – whether for reasons of fear, insecurity, cynicism, realism, or unconscious avoidance."

All this makes a good story. But TV hasn't given it much play. A few short reports were about all you got on TV on the ITT-ABC case. Asked why there wasn't more coverage, an ABC newsman said, "In TV news stories that make the air are visual." Then he said, "Can you imagine National Educational Television doing a story about the Ford Foundation which funds it?"

Vietnam–Fencing in the North

by Andrew Hamilton

With the presidential campaign barely more than a year away, there are signs that Mr. Johnson is planning to add something new to the war effort which could eventually change the nature of the Vietnam struggle. The new factor is a "barrier" of electronic devices around Vietnam to monitor infiltration of men and supplies from North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, and to permit rapid border enforcement. If the electronic wall were to curb infiltration, the residual arguments for continued bombing of North Vietnam would lose whatever validity they might still have.

The impression grows that under present strategy, neither the many battles in the South nor the air war against the North are going to bring an end to the fighting. One no longer hears much about that "light at the end of the tunnel" which glimmered fitfully last fall. General Westmoreland has sent Washington his estimates of the number of additional American troops he could use, mostly for more search and destroy operations. These are said to run from one more division up to four or five, in descending order of priority. But

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there is no evidence that General Westmoreland guarantees that any number of additional troops will produce victory within a year or 15 months. The retraining of South Vietnam's army (ARVN) for "pacification" duty has turned out to be a far longer-term project than the optimists expected last fall, and one begins to hear about all sorts of new organizational schemes to make better use of ARVN's manpower.

The bombing campaign against North Vietnam has run for nearly 30 months. Well over $1 billion worth of American aircraft has been lost to enemy fire or in accidents; at least another $1 billion in ordnance has been dropped on or shot at North Vietnam; more than 500 American pilots have been killed or captured; most of the North's industry has been hit and at least partially destroyed, and its roads, railroads, bridges and waterways are under constant attack. Yet the enemy force in South Vietnam keeps growing slowly, according to published intelligence estimates. The intensity of conflict in the South is also growing. The North Vietnamese leaders seem fully prepared and able to sit out another year or more of bombing, both to prove that they will not submit to coercion and to see what the American presidential election will bring. Pondering this, the President must at times be tempted to

"Maybe this'll finish it. . . ."

believe that "more of the same" will bring only more of the same – another year or more of "this bloody impasse," as he called it last month, with a settlement not perceptibly nearer. Not the best record to run on.

But Mr. Johnson believes that a negotiated settlement is no more attainable than a military victory in the short run. In the opinion of the officials who estimate Hanoi's intentions, the North Vietnamese government would agree to "talks," if the bombing of North Vietnam were stopped. They doubt, however, that the "talks" would lead to "negotiations" during which Hanoi would back away from any of its aims – certainly not until after the US elections. The estimate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which the President can hardly ignore when he has troops in the field, is that Hanoi would take military advantage of the cessation of bombing to increase infiltration of men and supplies in the South, in hopes of achieving a major tactical victory that would have maximum political impact in Washington and Saigon. So when the military are asked about ending the bombing, they growl "over our dead bodies," and they mean that literally.

Thus, the President is told that the safest way to fight the war in the South is to continue bombing the North, relentless pressure countering relentless pressure. At the same time, he is also being given a highly unfavorable assessment of the bombing as a costly and inefficient counterinfiltration weapon. (According to the air force chief of staff himself, most bombing raids against North Vietnam achieve a "700-foot CEP" – circular error probable. This means that only half the bombs drop within 700 feet of their targets.) Moreover, persistent bombing is poisoning relations between the US and other nations, particularly the Soviet Union, and contributes to holding up such vital matters as talks on limiting deployment of anti-ballistic missiles or a Middle East settlement. Nor is it bringing Hanoi to the conference table. Moreover, Mr. Johnson is told it is morally repugnant to a lot of Americans who are not the demonstrating sort. Curiously enough, this assessment is coming from the Pentagon, although not from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is held not only by Department of Defense civilians, but by some lower-grade officers.

For several years, the Defense Department has considered various schemes for blocking the infiltration from North Vietnam by physical barriers. Most were discarded as too static, too costly in terms of manpower, and not likely to have the same military or (it was hoped) political advantages as bombing. The military, in particular, were opposed to the barrier plans. But the idea remained as a possible alternative to the bombing strategy, and as possible insurance against the reintroduction of infiltration following any political settlement. For these reasons, a major research pro-

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gram named "Practice Nine" was started by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara last year to determine whether new detection and warning devices could be developed that would make a barrier "cost effective."

"Everybody and his brother," according to one research official, has been called in to deliver opinions on the feasibility of the sensor technology required and on the "trade-offs" between a barrier and bombing, as well as to do the engineering. Combinations of airborne and ground-based sensors have been studied to determine the best way to detect foot infiltrators, bicycle and pack animal traffic under dense jungle canopy in wild, rough terrain. When the sensors detect such traffic, they would alert observation posts or planes which could order artillery fire, air strikes and helicopter-borne troops to stop the infiltration. Barbed wire, minefields, strongpoints and other standard barrier devices would be used where the terrain permitted. Where it did not, mine-activating sensors could be installed along infiltration trails, along with sensors to call in air strikes and reaction forces.

An electronic fence of this sort would make use of improved night observation devices using light intensification techniques; personnel detection radars which see moving targets by means of the Doppler shift, and which have been used successfully at ranges of several miles to aid in protecting isolated Special Forces camps in Vietnam; seismic detectors that can be remotely placed to pick up ground tremors caused by marching men; magnetic detection devices; infrared sensors; ultraviolet sensors; acoustical amplifiers; "electric eye" beam-breaking devices and other gadgetry. Some would have a radio link to rapid data-processing equipment, which would analyze the patterns for estimates of the amount and kind of traffic.

Where Would It Be Built?

Army studies have determined that a "reasonably impermeable barrier" using this sort of technology could be constructed at a cost of $1 million a mile, including manning costs which make up 80 percent of the total. And even if the cost estimate doubled, officials have said, it would be cheaper to build a barrier around the 600 miles of South Vietnam than to lose another 600 attack aircraft over North Vietnam, at $2 million a plane plus the cost of bombs dropped.

The same sensor technology can be used to improve the efficiency of search and destroy forces in South Vietnam, which one defense official describes as very low. By helping to pinpoint enemy forces, camps and tunnels, he said, the technology "can improve search and destroy by a factor of 10."

Advances in sensor technology, notwithstanding, the barrier plan remains controversial. Some find repugnant the concept of a "Berlin wall" built by the United States, although the arguable point is made that the Berlin wall was designed to keep people in while this wall would be designed to keep them out. The military are no longer so strongly opposed to the idea, but they don't want to take men from search and destroy operations and tie them down guarding the barrier. It is thought that a barrier of any length would require three to four divisions of airmobile troops (more than two divisions are now on border duty). Also, they believe the barrier should stretch from the South China Sea across the northern tip of South Vietnam and then on across Laos to the Mekong River, instead of ending at the Laotian border. But that is ruled out; the Laotian government firmly opposes the plan. An alternative is to turn the barrier south along South Vietnam's western boundary. But this is very rough territory, where installation of the barrier would be more difficult and its effectiveness more open to question. Finally, some of the sensor devices will not be available for at least a year, if then. Technologically, they present "magnificent problems," one official notes.

Nevertheless, the Administration apparently is preparing to field-test the electronic barrier on a major scale, beginning just south of the demilitarized zone between North and South Vietnam. Already, Marines have cleared a seven-mile strip between Gio Linh and Con Thien which is being widened to 500 yards. This will be sowed with mines, barbed wire and sensors and covered by concentrated artillery. According to reports, the strip will next be extended four miles from Gio Linh to the coast, then westward. It might then be carried south along the boundary.

Officials think that, using present technology, a barrier covering the major infiltration routes can be installed within a year. If this is done, and it proves effective, the President will perhaps be in a position to deescalate, then stop the bombing without risking major trouble in the South from infiltration. This might be the formula to solve the current impasse, and, conveniently, it would be available for use just about the time the presidential campaign picks up momentum during the fall of 1968.

In the 17th century the rival war lords of the Trinh and Nguyen families, rulers respectively of North and South Vietnam, fought constantly with each other. But the Trinh, although stronger, were unable to overcome the Nguyen and seize the South. Historians attribute the successful southern defense in part to two huge walls built across the coastal plains by the Nguyen in the 1630's, near the narrow waist some 25 miles north of the present demilitarized zone. That division of Vietnam, according to Bernard Fall, lasted 150 years. But it did not bring peace. The learning curve in Vietnam is very flat.

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DAVID DEMPSEY *Life Among the Littles*

Back in 1931, a magazine called *Contempo* appeared in Chapel Hill, N.C. By 1934, it had disappeared, but during its brief life it baited the literary establishment with Conrad Aiken, Faulkner, Kay Boyle, Pound, Wallace Stevens and D. H. Lawrence. Recently, through the offices of the Kraus Reprint Corporation, a company that specializes in out-of-print periodical publishing, *Contempo* achieved a belated karma, along with 26 other experimental magazines that include *The Dial, Laughing Horse, Little Review* and *Pagany*. These have been photographed, bound and offered for sale – in all, 351 volumes, 126,000 pages. You can have the complete set for $5,454.

The Kraus project is concerned only with vanished glories. The "littles" with us today may have a new source of income. The National Endowment for the Arts has set aside $50,000 for resuscitory work among ailing literary publications. To be administered by the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines (on which sit representatives of 34 well-established publications), the sum must be matched from private sources; and at this writing, United States Steel has sweetened the kitty with $10,000.

Requests for help pour in. *Wormwood Review*, up in Storrs, Conn., wants an electric typewriter (won't IBM help out here?), *The Virginia Quarterly Review* an addressograph machine. In New Orleans, *The Outsider*, edited by Jon Edgar and Louise ("Gypsy Lou") Webb, needs a printing press. The last issue of *The Outsider* that I saw contained work by William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Kenneth Patchen and a batch of 35-year-old letters by Henry Miller. Then the press broke down, and the backlog of manuscripts began to pile up. A grant from the Council will reduce the inventory.

There are about 600 literary and "little" magazines on the market today, all of which have been invited to apply for help. The $100,000 question: who will get the money. Most independent "littles" have odd, migratory habits: they don't stay around – or in one place – long enough to be considered good risks. *Trace*, a twice-a-year magazine printed on interlarded white, green and poster-yellow pages, carries a "periodicity key" to its sister publications, but even the editor, James Boyer May, has a hard time keeping up with their erratic schedules. The casualty rate is high, the typography is bad (you're never sure whether this reflects *avant garde* poetry or unpaid printing bills) and the subject matter is not always the kind that withstands congressional scrutiny.

The trend among the "littles" is away from evangelical literary protest and toward the psychedelic affirmation and "culturo-sexual revolt" of the hippie Sixties. California (north and south) and New York City's East Village provide "happy obscenity, love, despair, torture" *(Entrails)* and "impulse manifestoes and synthesia translation" *(Anonymous)*. *Earth*, located in Santa Monica, Calif., "will take anything with balls behind it . . . guts, meat, no subtlety." In nearby Hermosa Beach the Scum Publishing Co. puts out a magazine called *Horseshit*. But these magazines offer almost nothing that is genuinely experimental; there's a good deal of rather fashionable sophomoric despair.

Collectively, the "littles" seem to soak up all the verse in the country that goes unpublished elsewhere. A survey by John Sankey in 1953 showed that poetry accounted for 43 percent of all material these magazines fronted. Poetry seems to obey some kind of Parkinson's law which dictates that as outlets expand, so does supply. One side-effect of this is the "coterie" impression that has always characterized the little magazines and which Archibald MacLeish deplored in the first issue of Reed Whittemore's *Furioso* in 1939. "A magazine of poetry is a place where poetry gets published. It is not, however, a place where poetry gets read," he wrote, adding that in such journals "poets read their own poems and sometimes each others."

Sampling a recent batch of little magazines, I got the feeling of camaraderie among "club" members and a fanatic dedication to the business at hand, which is to thumb one's nose at the Establishment. Much of the prose has that loosely fractured, pseudo-Joycean syntax. There is not enough first-rate material, even by beginner's standards, to fill up a hundred, let alone 600 publications. Yet in 1945, Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn Ulrich, in their book *The Little Magazine* could state that "they [the magazines] have introduced, and sponsored, every noteworthy literary movement or school that has made its appearance in America during the past 30 years," when Sandburg, William C. Williams, Sherwood Anderson, Hart Crane, Hemingway, Caldwell and literally scores of others were introduced by the "littles."

Where are their successors? A talented writer today is just as likely to start at the top as at the bottom. Tolerance for the off-beat has broadened. Our tastes are more shock proof, if not necessarily more discerning. *The Laughing Horse* was run out of California in the 30's for printing some letters of D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence, Henry Miller, William Burroughs and Hubert Selby, Jr. are now available at the corner drugstore. In an ironic sense, the "littles" suffer because of the success of their predecessors. So they are left with the option of advancing the guard even further (chiefly through pornography), going academic *(Partisan Review)*, or retreating into a

(Continued on page 28)

COMING

Saddle Sore
Pauline Kael on Westerns

The Stories of Cortazar
reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann

More Poems of Voznesensky
translated by Stanley Kunitz

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Reporting on Cuba

by José Yglesias

If only because we have had no reports from Cuba for a long time, Lee Lockwood's book and Edmundo Desnoes' novel are important. I am speaking of us Americans of course; Europeans go to Cuba and write about it; US-influenced Latin Americans less, but the visits of their leading writers to cultural conferences and their enthusiasm for the Cuban revolution make Havana the cultural capital of the Spanish-speaking world. Our own lack of communication is due in large part, during the last two years, to the Cubans' indifference to what we think, so that applications for visas remain unanswered; but also, I suspect, to a reluctance on our part to admit that much past reporting has been wrong: the Cubans are not a Soviet satellite and they have not died of hunger or exposure.

Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel
by Lee Lockwood
(Macmillan; $10)
Inconsolable Memories
by Edmundo Desnoes
(New American Library; $4.50)

It is unfair to make any novel play this news-gathering role, especially Desnoes' which is a kind of interior monologue by a hero who is something of a displaced person, but it is a sign of its solid grounding in reality that *Inconsolable Memories* is also a good report on the Cuban scene. Lockwood's book sets out to do just this and does not entirely succeed, yet it is in no way a failure: it is frequently lively and informative and its long interview with Fidel – the heart of the book – is of major importance, one which the Cubans themselves read with considerable interest when it appeared last January in the Mexican magazine *Politica*.

The cliché is true: art tells us more than journalism. Lee Lockwood is a photographer, and when he tells us about Cuba with his camera, he is at his best. His publishers have not reproduced his photographs well – often at first glance they are black masses and washed-out areas – but it is in them, not in the chapters of reportage, that his feeling for the landscape, the Cubans, and the Cuban revolution comes through. One longs to see the original prints, for a photographer who composes each shot so carefully and who so intelligently selects the image which will make the most telling subject could not be sloppy about the texture of his prints. Example: Fidel talking to prisoners on the Isle of Pines is not made the focal point of the scene, but a man who is talking to him with passion caught in a beam of light coming through the ceiling; around him, in shadows, the other prisoners watch in suspense, and Fidel listens contemplatively. Superb, yet one must peer for the drama that the minor figures lend, as at a Rembrandt encrusted with varnish.

The reproductions do not cancel Lockwood's artistry nor his visual reporting. Fidel walking across a field with his aides becomes the occasion for displaying not only their ease and naturalness in the countryside but also for capturing, at a distance, the beauty of the royal palm, an austere and graceful tree for which the Cubans have found many practical uses but which has haunted the imagination of its poets and ordinary people. A naked little boy walking proudly down a sidewalk, shoulders back and penis forward, is not just a joyous image of embryonic machismo; he is wearing shoes – the revolution's contribution to this traditional image. Lockwood gives us crowds, posters, individual studies, Fidel in every possible mood; the cities, farms, country towns – most of Cuba is in the photographs.

Lockwood's text consists mainly of excerpts from several interviews he got from Fidel in 1965. Although he'd met Fidel before, this time Lockwood's doggedness won him a week on the Isle of Pines during which they spoke for hours at length. The typescripts were gone over by Fidel, and the whole thing was sent to Lockwood in a bound volume after he returned to New York. Lockwood tells us that only infrequently did changes made after the conversations alter the sense or tone of Fidel's original responses; in such cases Lockwood retained the original. When part of the book was published in *Playboy* in January, the newspapers picked up only the section in which Fidel speaks about the October missile crisis; he said we agreed with the Soviet Union not to invade Cuba and that there were other secret clauses to the agreement which have yet to be revealed. The rest of the interview, to my knowledge, aroused none of the comment it deserved.

In one way or another Fidel touches on all the events of crucial importance from the beginning of the insurrection until 1965, and the interviews thus become an explanation of the revolution that we badly need. In explaining, for example, his development as a Marxist (sensible and sensitive and touched by a kind of self-knowledge that no contemporary political leader can approximate), Fidel takes up the question of the role of the Cuban middle class and corrects the theory (that it was *their* revolution and Fidel betrayed it) which has gained so much acceptance in the United States.

Or, in discussing whether he is an absolute dictator, Fidel's relaxed attitude gives him the opportunity not

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only to expound Marxist theory (which he does well; that is, without the verbal shortcuts clear only to initiates) but to talk informatively about the development of the Communist Party and the institutionalization of political life to prevent absolutism. One could say that the Cuban leadership is concerned to build socialism in such a way that it not only builds in the obsolescence of the state but also the withering away of Fidel. Both goals are far off, though this year Fidel discussed the latter subject in one of his speeches. The time has come, he said, when he will not speak at every meeting and posters will not say, "Everyone To the Plaza de la Revolución With Fidel" but with Dorticos or Raul or Almeidas. With Lockwood, he talks about his own role, and speculates, as an example of how history creates leaders, about whether Raul could have carried on the task of leading the insurrection successfully if he (Fidel) had fallen as did so many others of the original band who invaded their own country to start the armed struggle.

It is this personal, unaffected way that Cubans, from Fidel down, have of talking about themselves and their revolution that has introduced such words as charm into the vocabulary of foreign observers; the English economist, Joan Robinson, began a rather serious article a couple of years ago on the economics of the Cuban revolution with the statement that it was "a darling revolution." Creative writers are particularly susceptible to it, but the most hardnosed journalists succumb also; you can tell whether a writer on Cuban politics has visited the country by the absence or presence, no matter how obliquely, of this emotional response.

That Lockwood resists Fidel's argument about leaders may be due not only to Lockwood's appreciation of Fidel's extraordinary personality but also, perhaps, to his lack of knowledge of the many men Cuba's long revolutionary history developed. We know so little about them – somewhat vaguely about Jose Marti, then a vacuum, then Fidel – that names like Mella, Guiteras, Echeverria, Pais, each unique and loved, do not come to our minds, as they do to Cubans, during such a discussion. But to Cuba's charm Lockwood has succumbed, as have so many others, and it must puzzle him that he likes the Cuban ambience. There is nothing in his ideological background to attract him to Cuba, yet the book exudes friendliness. Not that there is any real statement of support for the revolutionary road Cuba has taken, but he does ask for tolerance for the Cuban regime, an end to the blockade, and American understanding of Cuba's independent position within the socialist camp. Good, decent proposals. One must not quarrel with them. The liberals' feeling for fair play should become operative in our country, but they are curiously beside the point in talking about Cuba today.

I do not mean by this that everyone in Cuba would not be grateful for the assurance that we will not invade their country. That would be nice. It's just that meanwhile back at the ranch every Cuban can see the US sheep eating up every unguarded pasture. Just as Fidel said to Lockwood that "the effect of the American blockade has been to require us to work harder and better," so will any Cuban, no matter how remote his hometown, tell you what a blessed hardship it has been: they are the prouder for having survived and gotten over the economic hump, as Lockwood confirms. The time is almost here when American spare parts would present a problem to Cuban mechanics, not a solution.

In this singular lack of gratefulness for American liberal good will lies the clue to what the Cubans want for themselves and for us; it is a clue to their charm as well. They have had eight years of blockade and socialism – eight years of our malevolence and Soviet help – and the result is that they're economically independent of us and politically independent of the Soviet Union. While their closest allies, the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, have taken to Libermanism, the Cubans embark on projects and plans based on volunteer work and revolutionary enthusiasm that would drive a cost accountant mad. In 1960 observers used to say that such manifestations were of course the result of euphoria and soon they'd have to settle down to the humdrum problems of socialism; but eight years have gone by and they have been long and hard for the Cubans, and still the cities empty into the canefields at every harvest. Create the necessity and the solutions will follow, say the Cubans, and those who like to see a project worked out on paper beforehand are aghast. The method works, however, and if the enthusiastic participation of people in the work of the nation is an index of democracy, as the Cubans say, the method's superiority to our own and the Soviet Union's is undeniable.

But what do the Cubans want of us? That we should not invade them, of course. Yet if they were talking to us and not the administration, they would ask us to help the revolutionary movements of the world: in those western nations where revolutions are impossible they would like to see, for example, brigades of revolutionary youth go as volunteers to the different fronts. Lockwood thinks that help to the Latin American revolutionaries "may be more [a matter] of ideology than actuality" – a strange formulation but one gets the idea – and while his book was at the printer's several events – Che Gue-

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vara's message, Fidel's March 13 speech, the defense of Cubans who landed in Venezuela – have made Lockwood's belief less than probable. Yet it is a virtue of his book that the interview with Fidel is a source for other than Lockwood's conclusions and that he has known to ask the right questions.

Desnoes' novel does not deserve to be given secondary consideration, but it is necessary to give some idea of the fervor of the Cuban atmosphere in order to place its hero – a necessity created by the publisher's jacket copy which makes him something of a Joseph K, "a man prey to solitary human anguish, and a social animal grievously wounded by being cut off from society." He is also "a bourgeois who believes in the goals of the revolution but who is not able to ignore its harsh realities." Jacket copy is jacket copy and it *is* nice of New American Library to publish a Cuban novel, the first since Little, Brown did Alejo Carpentier's stunning *Explosion in the Cathedral* three years ago and advertised it as the work of a Haitian. But the jacket copy is worth noting because after the hustling motives are subtracted from it there does remain the fact that alienated man is the liberal hero par excellence, and to interpret Desnoes' book in this way is not only beside the point but deprives it of its charm.

Desnoes has taken the cliché and stood it on its head: his is a witty, first-person narrative not of a grievously wounded social animal but of a sloth. The hero is one of those traveled, well-to-do Cubans who despises his class but who certainly has no belief in the revolution's goals; if anything, it's a damned bore. But he receives enough money from the government as monthly compensation for property which it confiscated to live comfortably, and he hasn't followed his parents or his wife into exile. A nice touch of Desnoes': the narrative medium is a rather self-conscious diary he keeps, one in which he deflates himself as well as his class but by which he also attempts to bloat himself into anguish. Desnoes does not let him.

The diary takes him through the period ending with the missile crisis; he

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has a couple of desultory affairs, one ending in a hilarious court case, and he comments on his former wife and his present situation. His disgust with his class gives him enough of the kind of double vision that Desnoes needs to make his own comments on the scene, and the hero's rambles, both physical and intellectual, allow for very exact and choice social history. One of the funniest touches of the book is the narrator's loathing for Edmundo Desnoes, a friend with much his same social background, for having sold out to the revolution, since Desnoes is something of a pillar of its intellectual life. There's an in joke in this too (Desnoes isn't too happy with his first two novels which were socialist realism pure and simple; pure but perhaps not simple, because they were full of marvelous dialogue for which he's got a tuned ear) but the characterization of himself is Desnoes' way of showing his narrator's prejudices and incomprehension.

All this commentary is accomplished by a sustained tone which is the book's intellectual core, and the climax of the story, the missile crisis which was for so many Cubans the ultimate test of their dedication to the revolution, bursts into a mixture of explicitness and oblique comment that is a real achievement. Afloat in Havana, without personal or social ties, the hero experiences the crisis alone, overhears conversations on the phone, just as Kennedy on the Miami radio and Fidel at home are spectral voices to him too. Yet what Desnoes selects of each leader's speeches is a direct statement to the reader: Fidel's is the declaration rejecting the Soviet-American agreement that a UN team go to Cuba to check that the missiles have been removed, a speech which Cubans celebrated jubilantly. "We are part of humanity and we run the necessary risks," Fidel says, "yet we are not afraid. We must learn to live in our allotted times and with the dignity with which we know how to live."

But Desnoes' hero acts and feels just the opposite: that "it's quite an expensive dignity." When the crisis is over, his panic is replaced by the desire "to preserve the clean and empty vision of the days of the crisis," a version of the experience that separates him from his countrymen. Something of which the hero is obliquely aware, for he ends with the resolution, "Go beyond words," a kind of fake, self-conscious mysticism perfectly in tune with everything we know of him – except that one now really believes him when he says he is finished.

The title of the original is "Memories of the Underdevelopment," which is like saying that that time is past. True, every reader makes of or takes from a book what he wants, but a publisher ought to be on the writer's side – the American title *Inconsolable Memories* sounds like bad Scott Fitzgerald. Still, they've published Desnoes' novel and it can speak for itself. Just as Lockwood's conclusions acknowledge that revolutionary Cuba is here to stay, and recommend that we take a look at it.

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By JEROME AGEL

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Government and the Corporations

by Arthur Selwyn Miller

Mr. Galbraith has written an economist's version of a new constitutional order centering on the relationship of the large corporations to government. *The New Industrial State* is a tautly written essay, discursive and without mountains of footnotes. Change, Galbraith argues, is built into the social structure, including the "industrial system" of the large corporations and their satellites; technological imperatives generate the need for and permit the growth of the large business corporations (about 500 of them) which are the basic planning units of western economies; the market and consumer sovereignty are superseded by planning by these technostructures; and the planning requires corporations "to seek the help and protection of the state."

The New Industrial State
by John K. Galbraith
(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

The giant corporations do not "maximize" profits. To reduce risk and to insure survival, the technostructure (the center of power within the corporation) "satisfices" (the term is Herbert Simon's, not Galbraith's). Consumers are managed through advertising and the mass media; aggregate demand is controlled through working relationships with government; suppliers are tied to the firm by vertical integration. The values and goals of the individual are bound together with those of the enterprise and government through operation of the "principle of consistency." The industrial system advances

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During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

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its interests with "subtlety and power," and the technostructure, which "embraces all who bring specialized knowledge, talent or experience to group decision-making," tends to become "an extension of those parts of the federal bureaucracy – notably the armed services, NASA, AEC and other agencies concerned with technological development – on which it most depends."

Slighted in this process are services not needed or sponsored by the industrial system and the aesthetic dimension of life. The individual *qua* individual is submerged; the group dominates. In short, the business of America is still business, but evermore the business of the "industrial system" of the large corporations. The service sector is acknowledged to exist, but its power and importance are said to be minuscule. Galbraith calls for "the educational and scientific estate" – the intellectuals, the universities, etc. – to act so that the needs and goals of the industrial system do not swamp everything else.

In this *tour d'horizon*, Galbraith has had to sketch with broad strokes. Even so, his brush is not wide enough. Drawing expressly and at times implicitly upon a small group of commentators who have dealt with the "supercorporations" (Robert Heilbroner's label, in *The Limits of American Capitalism*), he merely edges into a vast field.

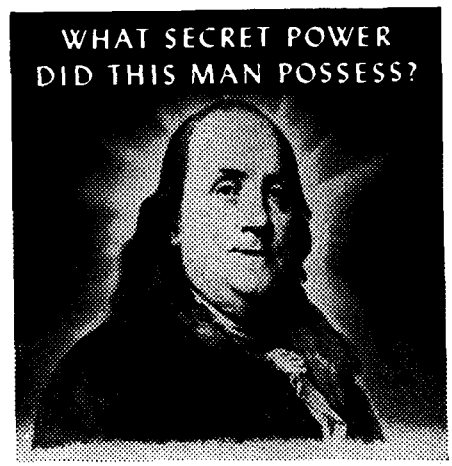
Perhaps this is enough. To add more possibly would have risked losing the "intelligent layman." So, while there is nothing very new in this volume for the careful student of the corporation and of government, other than novel tags for well-recognized phenomena (the "technostructure," the "revised sequence," the "industrial state"), it is presented with wit and insight. Those who disagree with what he says have, in his words, "the burden of proof" of showing that social changes "have left economic life unchanged." Berle and Means years ago demonstrated the divorce of ownership from control of the large corporation; the interlocking relationship between big business and government has the imprimatur of a Republican President (the "military-industrial complex"); two years ago Don K. Price in his minor classic, *The Scientific Estate*, showed the power of the technostructure, and Andrew Shonfield has recently related how all modern industrial economies are planned in some degree. (Galbraith calls this the "principle of convergence.")

If Galbraith is correct – and I am inclined to agree in large part with him – then we live in a new constitutional order, in which economic and political power is fused in fact (and often in theory), and in which we are ruled by nameless and faceless managers in the technostructures of the private governments of the supercorporations and their counterparts in the public bureaucracy. That's an event of considerable significance.

Too little discussed in *The New Industrial State* are such broad non-economic questions as the "legitimacy" of the supercorporation. Heilbroner maintains that it has achieved that status through long-accepted custom, a contention disputed by others (*e.g.*, Grant McConnell in *Private Power and American Democracy*). A "person" in constitutional law, the Supreme Court in 1886 having accepted that notion without argument, is in fact a collectivity, a federation of interests, a private government, a unit of "functional" federalism more meaningful than the fifty ostensibly sovereign states. It exists as an entity intermediate between the natural person and government. Constitutional theory, despite the Supreme Court, makes no provision for it. And its power has not been legitimized in democratic theory. Galbraith likewise touches too lightly on the question of accountability. To whom is the technostructure accountable? For what decision? How? The author suggests that the members of the corporate ruling elites are not accountable either in law or in politics (indeed politics reflects the needs and goals of the industrial system, and law is not mentioned). His call for the "educational and scientific estate" to rectify this condition is feeble at best. It may be, as he says, "that the future of what is called modern society depends on how willingly and effectively the intellectual community in general, and the educational and scientific estate in particular, assume responsibilities for political action and leadership," but he gives no hint how this is to be done. (Some support for the burgeon-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

David Dempsey *is a free lance writer on literary subjects.* José Yglesias' *new book,* The Goodbye Land, *has recently been published by Pantheon.* The Supreme Court and American Capitalism *is* Professor Arthur S. Miller's *contribution to a series of essays on the Supreme Court published by The Free Press.*



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ing power of the educational and scientific estate might have been got from Daniel Bell, whose concept of a "post-industrial" society posits a shift in social power from the businessman to centers of learning.)

Only "the innocent reformer and the obtuse conservative," says Galbraith, "imagine the State to be an instrument of change apart from the interests and aspirations of those who comprise it." But are we to believe that the state *represents only the interests and aspirations* of the industrial system? Since the constitutional revolution of the 1930's, epitomized in the Employment Act of 1946, a new form of government has emerged – the "Positive State." It has drives and urges of its own, which it asserts in "the public interest." The public interest, as President Kennedy said at the time of the steel imbroglio in 1962, is more than the arithmetical sum of the private interests of the nation – even when those "private" interests have the power and position of the supercorporation. Quite possibly the jury is still out on the question of who is senior in the government-business partnership, but surely the state is vastly more important than (say) in 1900 or even in 1930. The interests that comprise it transcend the industrial system. In fact, the argument could be reversed: the supercorporations are necessary for the attainment of governmental goals, particularly if what was once called the Great Society ever gets launched (here and abroad). At the very least, it is a duopoly.

Professor Galbraith gets around to the question of the merger of economic and political power in his last few pages. Speaking of the manner in which industrial economies tend to resemble each other, he says that the "instinct which warns of dangers in this association of economic and public power is sound. It comes close to being the subject of this book." However, those dangers are too little analyzed.

The problem of the fusion of economic and political power is fundamental. The framers of the Constitution were careful to fragment political power spatially (in the federal system) and functionally (in the separation of powers). Corporations at that time being both few and small, the founders did not foresee the rise of decentralized centers of economic power, which have altered federalism, transformed the tripartite division of powers, and progressively blurred the line between public and private. The requirement now is for theory relevant to the modern era, to the growth of pluralistic social groups, and to the relationships of those groups to the Positive State.

To produce that theory will require bringing economics and political science and law and sociology (and other disciplines) into a common crucible. The corporation and its relations to government cannot be understood in terms of John Locke or Adam Smith or Thomas Jefferson. The tools of the economist are not adequate to the need (although Professor Galbraith has done a far better job than most). Lawyers have scarcely recognized the problem, even though the Supreme Court, which Commons in 1924 called "the first authoritative faculty of political economy in the world's history," in recent years has been chipping away at a theory of group association. The job of the Court, however, is to decide cases, not to produce theory.

In language serious but not solemn, Galbraith has posed some of the basic questions. He (and others) will now have to try to answer them.

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Dempsey, *from page 22*

collective narcissism. This last group embraces most of the hard core, struggling, mimeographer and offset publications that need money the most, and are the most unlikely to get it – at least from the National Endowment.

There is a curious observation, to be made: the physically more attractive publications yield the best writing. Among this letterpress aristocracy, *Carleton Miscellany* might be called the All-American little magazine; it carries a strong tone of literary dissent without lapsing into a faddish despair or the automatic protest of the New Left. *Chelsea* emphasizes the work of foreign writers. *Evergreen Review* is a big "little" that has made it with tasteful pornography and smart promotion. *Mutiny* is *avant garde* but anti-beat. *Kulchur* is just plain beat, although edited from an address on Park Avenue. *Paris Review*, with its cafe society connections, (it is bankrolled in part by the Aga Khan) publishes material of a high order, but is only vaguely experimental.

Creeping respectability has overtaken most of the academically-sanctioned literary magazines; they no longer die to set verse free. They publish the best writing in the field, but the note of protest is muted. Here, is Academia where Bohemia used to be. It is this group that dominates the Coordinating Council; their directors will pass on the applications for Endowment money, and it is my hunch that in the end they will give most of it to their own members. You don't man the barricades with an electric typewriter.

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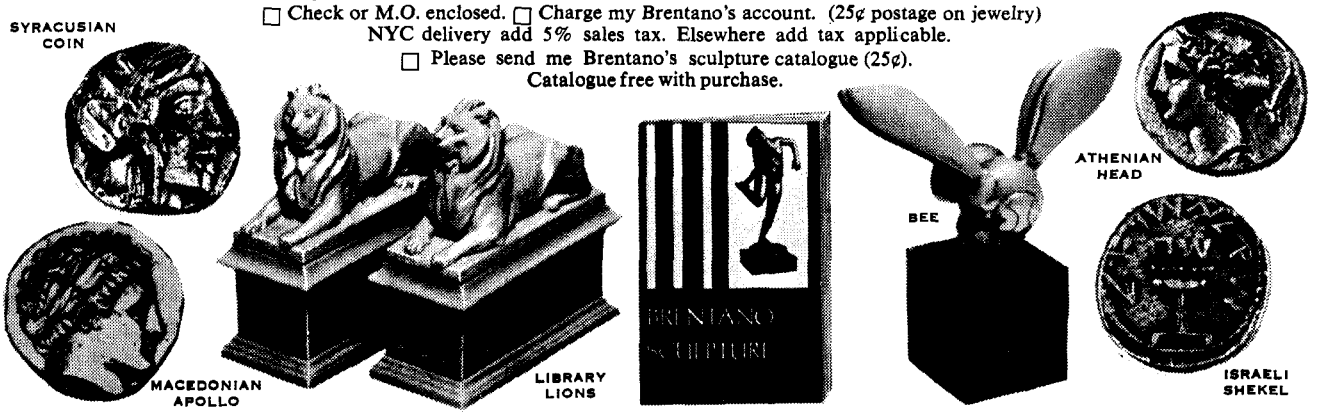

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